Beaver Gen'l James A Meh 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

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SMALLPOX SUBSIDING BELIEVE WORST OVER

More Rigid Enforcement of Quarantine Checks Disease.

CASE AT AARONSBURG

Wilson Haines, Tax Collector for Haines Township, Taken Ill but is Recovering—Qharantine Lifted from Several Places.

With the enforcement of a more rigid quarantine in the last few weeks than was accomplished in the earlier stages of the prevalence of the disease, it is believed that the spread of smallpox in and about Bellefonte has been effectually checked. Three new cases in this section have been reported since February 4th. On the other hand the quarantine has been lifted from several homes, the persons ill having completely recovered.

In all respects the last week has been the most encouraging since the first case of smallpox was reported one month ago. For the most part, those still ill have the disease in a very mild form and more care to guard against others becoming infected is being exercised. Many persons, both old and young, have been vaccinated and there is less disposition on the part of persons contracting the disease to conceal the fact rather than call in physicians. Fear of being quarantined prompted some to try and get along without summoning physicians, while a few were not aware of the real nature of the disease and freely moved about in public places. These conditions have been remedied, a more rigid quarantine has been established and as a result it is now believed that the likelihood of any further spread of disease has been reduced to the minimum.

One new case reported this week is that of Wilson Haines, of Aaronsburg, tax collector of Haines township. It is not known where he became infected. He is under the care of a physician and is improving rapidly. Two cases in the Kane family, near the fair grounds, are reported and the house is under quarantine. Mrs. Emma Rimert is ill, her home having been quarantined on Tuesday. Dr. Huff yesterday denied the existence of a reported case near Spring Mills and one up Buffalo Run.

George Bright, of Farmers Mills, is ill and his kome has been quarantined.

Ice House Burned.

Fire of unknown origin last Friday night destroyed the ice house of Snyder Tate, at Coleville. A strong wind was blowing when the flames were discovered. The building burned so rapidly that the roof and walls were destroyed before any great quantity of the ice stored inside melted. Mr. Tate carried no insurance and only recently made repairs to the roof costing him upward of $300. He had planned filling the ice house on Monday of the present week and had purchased a new hoisting rope for the purpose. He kept the rope at his home for several days and on Friday evening took it to the ice house only an hour or so before the building was burned. It is supposed that a spark, possibly from a passing locomotive, dropped into some fresh sawdust and that this smouldered several hours before breaking into flames. A general alarm was not sounded, but the Undine fire engine was taken to the scene of the blaze. The high wind carried a shower of sparks as far as the Pennsylvania Railroad passenger station in Bellefonte. The ice house was owned by Amos Garbrick. Mr. Tate expects to rebuild, although he has not reached a definite decision in the matter.

Hospital Notes.

Admitted for Treatment—Mrs. Rosie Gill, Gilltown; Mrs. Etta Homan, Bellefonte.

Operations—Charles Shawver, Mrs. Sallie Ertle, Coburn; Mrs. Pearl Smith, Buffalo Run.

Discharged—George Hirkimer, Houserville; Anna Vonada, Bellefonte; Mrs. Alice Hampton, Valley View; James Stover, Spring Mills.

34patients now in the hospital.

112th Anniversary Today.

Today marks the 112th anniversary of the incorporation of Centre County. The county was formed February 13, 1800, from parts of Mifflin, Lycoming, Northumberland and Huntingdon. Subsequently part of the original territory of Centre was included in Clinton County.

Purchased Milroy Hotel.

B. Frank Reish, of Centre Hall, has purchased the Milroy hotel from S. S. Brown and will take possession April 1st.

TAXING FOREST RESERVES

Propose Levy of Four Cents Per Acre for Schools and Roads.

A bill of considerable importance to Centre and adjoining counties was introduced in the Legislature at Harrisburg on Monday by Senator Joseph Alexander, who represents the Centre-Clearfield district. Under the provisions of the bill the State is empowered to take over all public roads located in or bordering upon State forest reserves and to improve the same.

Another feature of the bill provides for a charge of two cents per acre on all auxilary forest reserves for the benefit of schools, and two cents per acre for the benefit of the roads in the school districts where the reserves are located. The State has many thousands of acres of forest lands in Centre and nearby counties which will be affected by the Alexander bill in the event it is approved by the Legislature.

That provision of the bill empowering the State highway department to take over and improve public roads located in or bordering on forest reserves will have the effect of transforming many miles of rough roads into splendid highways. The highway department will also be required to maintain such roads.

STRUCK BY TRAIN

John Peace Had Narrow Escape at Milesburg; Slightly Injured.

John Peace, who is 60 years old and a resident of Milesburg, had a narrow escape from death on Tuesday morning when he was struck by the mail train from Tyrone. As it was, he was injured about the hip and hands. His injuries are not serious.

The accident happened near the platform of the Milesburg station. Mr. Peace walked to the station to mail a letter on the train. He became confused as to which track the train was on and before he could step out of danger the engine struck him. Fortunately the train was slowing up at the station and was not moving very rapidly. Otherwise Mr. Peace might have been killed. He was removed to his home where his injuries were dressed.

$400,000 to Buy Normal Schools.

It is estimated that for $400,000 the State will be able to purchase the $50-000 of out-standing stock and assume the floating indebtedness of six of the thirteen normal schools and thus bring that branch of education under closer State control. The six schools are West Chester, Bloomsburg, Lock Haven, Edinboro, California and Clarion. The State Board of Education, which has the matter under consideration, has arranged for a meeting at Philadelphia on February 24, at which a bill making the necessary appropriation and referring to the situation will be drafted. It is expected that the other schools can be taken over gradually through the aid of systematic appropriations.

Farmers' Institutes.

Farmers' Institutes will be held this year in Centre County as follows:

Philipsburg, Monday and Tuesday, March 10 and 11.

Port Matilda, Wednesday and Thurs day, March 12 and 13.

Spring Mills, Friday and Saturday, March 14 and 15.

A number of instructors from other parts of the State will be present to join with the farmers of this locality in the discussion of topics relative to agriculture. These meetings are free and open to all, and we have no doubt the farmers of this county will avail themselves of the advantages to be gained by attending these meetings.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland Weds.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland was married at Princeton, N. J., on Monday to Thomas J. Preston. The ceremony, which was a big surprise, was performed by President Hibben, of the Princeton University, and took place at the executive residence. Prof. Hibben is an ordained minister.

To Transfer License.

Application has been filed for the transfer of the liquor license of Frank Hess, at Sandy Ridge, to John B. Deagen. The latter has purchased the hotel from Mr. Hess.

Judge Orvis has thus far not handed down decisions on the liquor license applications from Philipsburg and Millheim.

Insane Boy Shoots Two.

C. E. Rossiter, a business man of Sunbury, and Chief of Police Kerstetter were both shot and probably fatally injured when they attempted to remove Rossiter's 16-year-old son from his home to an insane asylum on Tuesday.

RECOMMEND $10,000 ONLY FOR LOCAL HOSPITAL

State Charities Board Turns Down Items for Extension

MORE ROOM IS NEEDED

Institution Filled to Capacity and Badly in Need of Money—$40,000 Asked for While Amount Recommended is for Maintenance

The rapidly growing needs of Bellefonte's magnificent hospital, reflected in the urgent request for an appropriation by the State of $40,000 or $20,000 a year for the next two years, apparently fell upon deaf ears so far as the State Board of Charities is concerned. That body, in its report to the Legislature filed this week, recommends merely $5,000 a year for maintenance and not a dollar for extensions and improvements.

It was strongly urged that the board recommend an additional $2500 for installing boilers; $3500 for installing laundry machinery, and $15,000 for the erection of an east wing, kitchen and sun parlor. Those improved facilities are refused in the recommendations of the board, the pressing needs of the hospital apparently making no impression on that body. It is to be hoped, however, that the Legislature will ignore the board's recommendations and make provision for the hospital in keeping with its needs and the splendid work it has done in the last two years.

The State Board of Charities in its report to the Legislature makes this reference to the Bellefonte hospital's application for appropriations:

"From their report the apparent revenue is $6,739, expenditures, $11,752; apparent need $5,013. The report however, shows unpaid maintenance bills of $2,105, available assets, cash in bank, unpaid board of patients amounting to $1,409. The recommendation of $5,000 a year for maintenance will supply their need as shown by the report, or $10,000 for two years."

The board recommended $30,000 for the Philipsburg hospital and $35,000 for the Lock Haven hospital.

The Clearfield Judgeship.

Although the primaries will not be held until September, there is already considerable interest manifested throughout Clearfield county over the contest for Judge. It is expected to develop into one of the stiffest fights the county has enjoyed in many years, says a despatch to the Lock Haven Democrat. It will be a four, cornered fight, the Republicans, Democrats, Progressives and Socialists entering candidates for the race. No definite announcements of candidates has yet been made with the exception of Oscar Mitchell, of Clearfield, who has come out with the announcement that he will run for judge on the Progressive ticket, and J. J. Kintner, of Lock Haven, on the Socialist ticket. Kintner has already been endorsed by the Socialists in the county. Mitchell will probably be the only candidate for judge on the Progressive ticket.

On the Democratic ticket there have been no announced intentions regarding candidates, but it is stated that Allison O. Smith, the present judge, will be a candidate for re-election. It is also reported that Singleton Bell would be a candidate for the nomination. There are some others mentioned in connection with the office, but they are not making much ado at present.

On the Republican ticket it is quite difficult to forecast who will run. Had not the Progressive party sprung into existence and made such a formidable showing in the county there would have been several candidates. It is stated that A. H. Woodward, James H. Kelly, Smith V. Wilson and W. Clark Miller would all have been candidates for the nomination but now that the Republican chances for election are not so certain it is difficult to state which if any of them will run.

Find Silver and Lead Quartz.

The Lock Haven "Democrat" says S. O. Watt, of this city, who recently purchased a tract of timber land, embracing about 200 acres, of Joseph Rorabaugh, in Pine Creek township, is rejoicing over the discovery of silver and lead quartz on the land. The find was made by John Narvell, who came upon the quartz in a deep ravine, and he is very enthusiastic over the affair. Specimens of the quartz have been sent away for analysis and Mr. Watt is qnite confident that the find will prove to be a rich one.

6 NEW BUILDINGS FOR PENNA. STATE COLLEGE

Contingent on Legislature Granting $1,800,000 Appropriation.

TO COST ABOUT $500,000

Extensions Planned for Dairying, Chemistry, Mining and Other Departments—Increase in Buildings Far Below Attendance.

Six new buildings, to cost $500,000, will be erected by the Pennsylvania State College if the Legislature approves the appropriation bill scheduled to be presented this week at Harrisburg. Announcement to this effect is made by President Sparks. The appropriation bill will call for $1,800,000, of which amount $1,000,000 will be for maintenance in the next two years.

The proposed six new buildings will be devoted to the departments of domestic science, dairying, chemistry, mining, shopwork and liberal arts. The additional buildings are a part of a general plan of extension to meet the constantly increasing demands of the college.

In the last ten years the number of buildings for the college has increased but 28 percent., whereas the attendance has increased over 300 percent. The State appropriation has increased 72 percent. in this period.

There are facts which will be elaborated upon before the Legislature in support of the request that an appropriation of $1,800,000 be granted for 1913 and 1914. Governor Tener is in hearty accord with the policy of liberal appropriations for State College. On the occasion of his recent visit, on Pennsylvania Day, the Governor declared that State College should come first in the matter of State aid for educational institutions.

Tampered With Assessors' Lists.

For some years past, it is said, certain persons have surreptitiously entered the vault at the office of the board of Clearfield county commissioners and changed the valuation of properties placed on them by the assessors.

It was discovered last week that the figures placed on A. I. Neff's property, Chester township, had been reduced from 1,000 to $700. Information was sworn out and a warrant issued for Neff's arrest.

The commissioners say that the county has been defrauded out of a considerable sum of taxes through this method. Similar changes have been made on Clearfield, DuBois and other properties.

Huntingdon Couple Wedded.

John E. Glasgow and Miss Martha D. Randolph, both of Huntingdon, were married on Saturday afternoon, last, at the Bellefonte United Brethren parsonage, Rev. C. W. Winey officiating. Before returning to Huntingdon they visited over Sunday at the Bert Bathurst home here.

Wedded at Lock Haven.

Miss Anna Bodle, of Flemington, and Clarence Lannen, of Hill Hall, were married at Lock Haven on Wednesday of last week. The ceremony was performed at the United Evangelical parsonage, Rev. C. J. Dick officiating. News of the happy event did not reach the friends of the young couple until several days after the nuptial knot had been tied.

Three Elk Dead.

Three of the female elk recently received from Wyoming and placed in the State preserve near Clearfield have died from pneumonia. Several others are ill. It is supposed that the pronounced change in climate was too much for the animals.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

David L. Burd, Grace M. Bressler,	Aaronsburg "
John E. Glasgow, Martha D. Randolph,	Huntingdon "
Edward M. Mince, Madolyn M. Sager,	Lock Haven Bellefonte
Clement Shope, Bessie O. Shirk,	Runville "

Friends Quarterly Meeting.

The "Friends" Quarterly meeting will be held at Unionville 15 to 17th insts. Sunday meeting hours are 10 A. M. and 2.30 P. M. Sunday afternoon meeting will be devoted to the subject of "Civic Righteousness" or the moral law and civil law parts of the same thing. A cordial invitation is extended.

TRAIN JUMPERS FINED

Railroad Company Has Three Employes Arrested for Illegal Riding.

Harry DeLong and Ray Kunes, of Eagleville, and Fred Strawcutter, of Howard, track men in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, were last week arrested and fined for illegal train riding and interfering with brakes on a train traveling between Lock Haven and Eagleville. The arrests were made by Officer Fred Giles, of Tyrone. Following a hearing before Squire Brown each of the three defendants was sentenced to pay a fine of $10 and costs amounting to $2.50. The three men gave security for the payment of the money on their next pay day, which will be Saturday, February 15th.

It was charged by the railroad company that the three men jumped a freight train at Lock Haven and that they put on the brakes to make the train slow down at the Eagleville hill, where they jumped off. A representative of the company explained that the practice was one involving considerable danger of wrecks since heavily loaded freight trains follow one another at close intervals. The fact that the three defendants happened to be railroad company employes was not allowed to prevent their arrest, the company contending that the men were off duty at the time and therefore had no legal right on the train. In this respect the case is a novel one. The company decided to prosecute the men as a warning to others.

PRIZES FOR CORN

Centre County Farmers May Share in $1250 Awards for Best Specimens.

Centre County farmers are eligible to participate in a contest for prizes amounting to $1250 offered by the Corn Exchange National Bank, of Philadelphia, for the best specimens of corn in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland. The bank officials in announcing the contest frankly say that they believe it will stimulate agriculture and thereby help both the farmer and the banker.

The prizes will be awarded by a board of judges comprised of officers of the Agricultural Department of The Pennsylvania State College, the State Agricultural School of Delaware, the State Agricultural College of New Jersey and the Maryland Agricultural College.

After the several specimens have been examined and rated they will be placed on exhibition in the Commercial Exchange in the Philadelphia Bourse on December 4, 5 and 6. Details of the contest may be had by writing to Charles S. Caldwell, president of the Corn Exchange National Bank, Philadelphia, Pa.

Opposed to Electrocution.

The commission created by the Legislature two years ago to investigate and report on the advisability of changing the present method of capital punishment to electrocution has reported in favor of continuing the hanging system. Warden John Francies, of the western penitentiary, and Warden Robert J. McKenty, of the eastern penitentiary, were members of the commission. They recommended that the system in operation in Pennsylvania for many years be not changed for the electric chair, which is in operation in New York and a number of other States.

State Aid for Sewers.

Senator Beidelman, of Harrisburg, has introduced a bill in the Legislature providing that when the State Health Department orders a city, borough or other municipality to construct or rebuild a sewage disposal system, one-half of the cost thereof shall be paid by the State. He also introduced a bill exempting from taxation bonds or other indebtedness of counties, cities and boroughs.

Cruelty Charges Investigated.

An investigation has been made of charges to a number of boys at Glenn Mills school, the institution to which many boys are sent from the juvenile courts. When the charges were first published there was considerable anxiety here as to whether several Centre County boys now in the institution might have been among the number said to have been abused. In the charges it was alleged that the boys had been clubbed on the arms and so painfully bruised as to necessitate their going to the hospital department. Examination of the juvenile court records in the office of Prothonotary Foreman on Monday revealed that no Centre County boys were included in the list of those said to have been badly treated.

Warning to Public.

Rev. H. L. Jacobs, of Williamsport, warns all persons against a representative of a stock concern who has been using his name in connection with a projected business.

GARAGE SIGN POST IS ORDERED TAKEN DOWN

Judge Hall Sustains Objections Raised by Dr. Seibert.

SEBRING TO PAY COSTS

However, He is Satisfied, Having Walked off With Choice Bunch of Free Advertising—Court Says Borough Exceeded Authority.

In an opinion handed down yesterday by Judge Harry Alvin Hall, of Elk County, who presided over the suit in the local court, John Sebring is directed to remove his garage sign from in front of Dr. J. L. Seibert's property in Allegheny Street. The costs in the suit also fall on Mr. Sebring.

Mr. Sebring is given twenty days in which to dig out the sign post, remove the concrete and level over the ground at that point. As soon as the weather permits he is directed to cover the spot with sod; in other words, restore it to its original condition before the sign post made its appearance one midnight several months ago.

However, Mr. Sebring doesn't care a rap. He is willing to remove the trouble-making sign post. He managed to walk away with the nicest bunch of free advertising any automobile dealer ever picked up in Bellefonte. Had he planned it with the expert assistance of a modern press agent the publicity game for his auto garage couldn't have been worked better. He first put up the sign post, only to have it removed. Up again it went, this time at midnight. The post was firmly cemented in the ground. Council first granted and then revoked permission to erect the post. The same post figured in involved legal proceedings and when Judge Hall finally disposed of it he found it necessary to give out sixteen typewritten pages of points of law, decisions and his decree. Nothing was said about the costs, but this means that they fall upon the owner of the sign post. Unless Mr. Sebring now takes the ground that it isn't his post he will have to pay the bill. How it could be proved that the post is his, should he bluntly disclaim all ownership, may prove to be another story.

Judge Hall, in his opinion, delves into the law regarding the ownership of property and the powers of borough authorities. In the case in question he says that "the plaintiff's ownership in the lot fronting on Allegheny Street and Locust Alley vests in him the fee to the centre of the street and alley, subject only to the easement of the borough for legitimate municipal purposes."

Touching on the action of the borough Council in giving permission to Mr. Sebring to erect the sign post, Judge Hall remarks: "While it is true that municipalities have broad powers relative to their public highways for all municipal purposes we know of no case where it has been held that they could give permission to use any part of the highway for a purely private purpose."

Thus comes to a close the war over the garage sign post. Dr. Seibert, who objected to the post being placed in front of his property, wins out and is happy. He got what he was after. Mr. Sebring is also happy for he, too, got what he was after. What he started out to do was to let people know, first, that he had an auto garage and, second, where it was located. Had he followed the usual course the same publicity would have cost him at the rate of 10 cents per line. As it was, he managed to slip into the first pages of the newspapers to the extent of many lines at no cost per line, and in the end met only with the decision that he knew at the start was inevitable. Everybody got what everybody wanted and everybody is satisfied.

Penn State Wrestlers Win.

The Penn State wrestling team auspiciously opened its season last Friday night by defeating the team representing McGill university of Montreal, Canada. Score 4 to 2. Captain Shollenberger and Lambe of Penn State, who secured two falls in 3 minutes and 11 seconds and 5 minutes 25 seconds, respectively, were the features of the evening. The bouts were wrestled under Canadian rules.

Cutting 7 Inch Ice.

Seven inch ice is being cut this week on the dams at Hecla Park. Two weeks ago many persons feared that four-inch ice would be the best to be had this winter.

"They tell me Anna is studying Esperanto."

MAIL CARRIER DROWNED

Lifeless Body of James Hunter, of Near Tyrone, Found in Tipton Run.

Considerable mystery surrounds the death of James T. Hunter, of Honestown, near Tyrone, a rural mail carrier, whose lifeless body was found in Tipton Run, near Tyrone, on Saturday. Hunter disappeared some time Thursday night. Footprints, believed to be his, were finally trailed and these led to a spot along the edge of Tipton Run where the ice was broken. The body was found about one hundred feet from where Hunter probably fell into the water.

On the day he disappeared Hunter appeared at the Tyrone postoffice and drew his salary for the month. When last seen alive he had upward of $70 in his possession. This led to the suspicion that he might have met with foul play. It was known to his friends that he had not been drinking for a number of years, and the only theory entertained was that he had met with violence or accidentally fallen into one of the ice-covered steams in the vicinity.

Several of Hunter's brothers were in the searching party which trailed the man's footprints to Tipton Run on Friday night. The ice was broken up about where it was believed he had slipped into the stream. A broken sapling at the edge of the creek suggested that he had struggled to save himself which would seem to disprove the fear that he had tried to end his life. On Saturday morning the body was located and removed to an undertaking establishment in Tipton. Hunter resided with his aged mother iat Honestown, about three miles from Tyrone. He was aged 35 years and had been a mail carrier for quite a while.

For County Local Option.

Local option by counties is provided for in a bill now before the Legislature. It was presented by Frank Rockwell, of Tioga county. The bill differs from the four preceding bills, all of which failed of passage in the house in that it makes counties and municipalities of 10,000 population the units of voting. Previous bills provided for option by townships, boroughs and wards of cities.

The Rockwell bill is prepared by the Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon League. It provides that when 25 per cent. of the voters of any county, outside of towns of 10,000 population or more, or of 25 per cent of the voters of any such town shall petition, a liquor license election shall be held within thirty days.

If the majority of the voters shall vote yes, it shall be unlawful for any judge of the quarter sessions to issue a license thereafter for the sale of liquor. The bill allows the referendum of the question to the people again after three years.

The change of the voting units from the smaller districts to counties and towns of 10,000 persons is expected to develop greater opposition to the bill on the part of the liquor interests. Either bill is distasteful to them, but they would prefer the small unit, for the reason that it would allow better chance for work during a campaign preceding election. With a small district, they would have more opportunity to swing an election to suit them than of working over an entire county or throughout a large town.

This is the fifth local option bill in five sessions of the legislature. The series started in 1905 with a bill which died in committee. In 1907 the Craven bill succumbed to a negative recommendation. The Fair bill of 1919 was reported out by agreement and was killed on second reading. In the last session the Boyd bill received a negative recommendation from the law and order committee and was killed on a motion to put on the calendar, receiving only 65 votes.

The Anti-Saloon League forces claim 90 votes certain in the house, with two possible recruits.

Livestock Board Reports.

A circular issued by the State Livestock Sanitary Board, giving the operations of the board's divison from January 1 to September 1, shows 958 herds, containing 11,069 cattle, were inspected, and $36,511,68, an average of $27.34 per head, paid to owners as indemnity for 1,335 which failed to pass the test. In addition to this payment the owners of slaughtered cattle received $14,510.36 for the carcasses, so that the average price paid was $17.13, or a total of $44.47 per head. This figure is interesting, as it is established by census figures that the average price of dairy cattle in the State is $38.-67. The report sets forth that there is room for complaint in handling dairy cattle and the board recommends test of breeding or dairy cattle in this State when purchased. The tests made by the board were as follows: Permits, 1,320; tested on permit, 14,965; in other States, 3,128; tested without permits, 3,-585; tested at Pittsburgh, 3,973, and tested at Lancaster, 1,335, or 28,316, but 317 reacting on the tests. Buyers are urged to have tests made a month before shipment to Pennsylvania.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, cause chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation. 25c. Ask your druggist for them.—Advt.

In Grip of Harvester Trust.

The vast organizati n of the $140,000,000 International Harvester Company and its important relation to the farmer through control of a substantial proportion of agricultural machinery, is disclosed in the long-expected report of the Bureau of Corporations to be submitted to President Taft.

It points out that the International Harvester Company, organized in 1902, brought under one control, through J. P. Morgan & Co., as underwriters, five great concerns manufacturing harvesting machinery and twine—the McCormick, Deering, Piano, Champion and Milwaukee Companies. Since then it is said the parent corporation has been increased by the acquisition of the Osborne Company and other organizations through which the concern has spread its business to various subsidiary lines, such as farm wagons, gasoline and alcohol engines, cream separaters, tractors and manure spreaders.

It is estimated that perhaps 90 per cent. of harvesters, 76 per cent. of mowers and 50 per cent. of binder twine used in the United States are made by the International Harvester Company. Stock to the amount of $3,450,000, it is declared, was issued to J. P. Morgan & Co., for services and legal expenses in organizing the giant corporation.

The Commission of Corporations discussed the operations of the company in detail, pointing to the fact that, unlike other industries, the wholesale dealer is absent, the manufacturer selling direct to the retailer. Particular attention is paid to the practice of the company in entering into contracts with retail dealers, establishing them as agencies for the sale of the company's products.

The $1,000,000 International Harvester Company of America is described as simply the selling agency for the entire output.

Suffrage Wins in House.

The resolution proposing an amendment to the Senate constitution to permit women to vote was passed finall by the House of Representative at Harrisburg last week, by a vote of 131 to 70, and messaged to the Senate on Monday for concurrence. The resolution, if passed this session, must be adopted by the Legislature of 1915 before it can be laid before the people under the present laws.

The vote was taken after an hour's debate, during which the galleries and floor of the House were occdpied by many women who were advocating the measure, while messenger boys trooped through the House delivering messages to members asking for their votes, in such numbers as to interfere with the work of the session and to call for order from the chair. Upon the announcement of the vote there was a wave of applause and fluttering of handkerchiefs.

Three members asked leave to file reasons for their votes, Allen, of Allegheny, because he favored the proposition; Keegan, of Fayette, because he opposed the idea of women voting, and Ulman, of Lycoming, because he had not been asked by any residents of his district to support the bill. Speaker Alter voted with the opponents of the bill The delegations from Philadelphia and Allegheny counties were divided almost equally.

Remarkable Antitoxin Dose.

The largest does of diphtheria antitoxin ever given in Pennsylvania, so far as records of the State Department of Health show, was administered during the past week to Fred Glover, a 15-year-old Altoona boy, suffering from a malignant type of diphtheria, 170,000 units being administered. This enormous dosage saved the boy's life.

In all 44,965 persons, the majority being children, have been treated with antitoxin furnished by the State during the past seven years. The ordinary curative dose administered is 5000 units, but in some instance this runs to 15,000 or 20,000.

The State Department of Health maintains 665 stations for the free distribution of antitoxin to the indigent. All that a physician is required to do to obtain antitoxin is to sign a receipt giving his name and that of the patient. Over 120,000 packages have been supplied.

In addition to those who have been given curative doses of antitoxin, 31,-000 persons who have been exposed to diphtheria were immunized and as a result less than two per cent. of these contracted the disease.

Henry Barnett Dead.

Henry Howard Barnett, a well known contractor and real estate broker with offices in the Altoona Trust building, died at his home at Lakemont, last Thursday night of Bright's disease, with which he had suffered for some years. He is survived by his wife and three children: Lloyd Howard, Fred Dawson and Catherine Lydia, all at home. He is also survived by these brothers; James S. Barnett, of Sandy Ridge; William F. Barnett, of Huntington, W. Va., and a sister, Mrs. George Griffith of Altoona. He is also survived by a half brother, John Barnett, of Hollidaysburg, and a half sister, Mrs. Mary Sharp, of Henrietta.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thoma Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. It subdues the pain and heals the hurts.—Advt.

Didn't Want Any.

Swigsby came downstairs to a 10 o'clock breakfast with a vacant countenance and a backward tendency in his hair that made his eyes ache. He sat down at the table and, picking up his fork, glared in uneasy wonder at something on the plate before him. It had evidently been fried and was intended for food.

Swigsby harpooned it with his fork and lifted it bodily, gazing at it with increasing wonder.

"What under the sun," he exclaimed at last, "is this thing?"

"Well," replied his patient wife, with the shadow of a sigh, "it looks like your new soft felt hat, and that is what I thought it was, but you pulled it out of your pocket when you came home this morning and said it was a nice steak, and you wanted it fried for breakfast. You needn't give me any of it. I'm not hungry."

And Swigsby, who was just wild to know what else he said when he came home, and what time it was, for the life of him didn't dare to ask.—Pearson's.

Shocked and Grieved Her Husband.

Jimson was a little, sharp eyed shoemaker with stooped shoulders and a chin whisker. He lived in a Missouri river town, and whenever he drank too much he used to wind up by going home and thrashing his wife. She never failed to go over to a neighbor's after a session with the old man and complain bitterly of his treatment. After awhile the neighbors grew weary of the oft repeated tale and remarked: "Well, you seem to like it. You always take it willingly. Why don't you pick up something and hit him with it the next time he whips you?" The wife considered the matter, and the next time her lord began to beat her she grasped a chair and smashed it over his head. The old man fell back in stark amazement, dropped his hands and stared at her.

"Why, Mary—why, Mary!" he whimpered. "What on earth is the matter with you? You never done this way before."—Kansas City Star.

Humanity to Mules.

"In the fifteen years that I have been connected with societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in this and other cities I never have received a complaint alleging cruelty to a mule," said the humane looking man. "That immunity of mules from harsh treatment is an interesting question. Why are they immune? There are plenty of mules, even in Philadelphia. Does nobody beat them? Does nobody underfeed them? If not, why not? Does a mule show such a decided ability to take care of himself that his owner is afraid to abuse him, or do men beat mules and starve them and escape punishment because the persons who witness the beating and starving think it is only a mule and not worth bothering about? What is the explanation of that phase of the mule question, anyhow?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Old Scotch Sundial.

Record is contained in the Bible of a sundial set up in 771 B. C. by Ahaz to commemorate the miraculous healing of his son, Hezekiah. A very ancient one was some time ago discovered lying in the grounds of the ruined castle of Finlarig, Killin, Perthshire, Scotland, the ancient seat of the Breadalbanes. Unlike most dials, it has twelve planes for recording the hours and two circular planes for use in summer and winter respectively. For many centuries the occupants of the castle deciphered its many angles as it stood reared on a tall pedestal, reflected in the waters of a fountain. The interval of nearly 2,000 years between this dial and that set up by Ahaz shows for how long the dial held its own as an object of utility.

The Critic Criticised.

Whistler once gave a tart answer to a critic of one of the "nocturnes." This critic said the nocturne in question wasn't good. Whistler screwed his monocle and grinned at the man.

"Don't say it isn't good," he said. "Say you don't like it. Then you'll be safer. And now come over here. Here is something you do like."

And Whistler led the critic to a sideboard whereon there stood a whisky bottle.

Not In His Class.

The young man with a perpendicular measurement of six feet and breadth in proportion had asked the demure little maiden of four feet six to marry him.

"Harold," she said, flashing out a resentful glance up at him, "that isn't fair! It isn't sportsmanlike! Take one of your size!"—Chicago Tribune.

Caution.

"Brierly is always very cautious about the statements he makes."

"Yes; he had occasion the other day to refer to Shakespeare, whom he called 'the greatest English poet, according to many good judges.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Like All the Rest.

Transient Guest—I never saw such a crowd of pessimists as in this boarding house. Old Boarder—Yes. Did you notice that even the milk is sour?—Exchange.

Good Idea.

Mrs. Yeast—I just love to shut my eyes and think. Mr. Yeast—Why don't you try that with your mouth sometimes, dear?—Yonkers Statesman.

A Proviso.

"Would you marry him if you were me?"

"Well, if I were you, I might."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

Oscar W. Stover, et ux, to Walker Shutt, house and lot in Boalsburg; $300.

John Hamilton, et ux, to Alvaretta W. Corman, lot in State College; $500.

Martha S. Packer to Penna Railroad Co., strip of land in Howard township, $325.

Thomas Miles, et ux, to Balser Weber, lot in Howard township; $1000.

F. Milford Pletcher to Penna Railroad Co., lot in Howard township; $1500.

Arabella Yocum, et baron, to George E. Vonada, lot in Walker township; $525.

Susanna Emerick to Mary A. Kauffman, lot in Walker township; $300.

John I. Robison, et ux, to Emma R. Butz, lot in State College; $1.

Mary J. Caldwell, Admr., to J. K. Johnston, guard, lot in Bellefonte; $450.

D. Howard Bartley, et ux, to T. A. Shoemaker, premises in Bellefonte; $1100.

Harry B. Kern, et ux, to D. H. Bartley, premises in Bellefonte; $1375.

Tried Suicide in Vain.

E. J. Curtin, for many years a drayman at Tyrone, attempted suicide unsuccessfully twice last Friday afternoon and evening. After brooding over business matters for some time Mr. Curtin determined to end it all and about 5 o'clock made a hair raising plunge into the Bald Eagle creek from the Eleventh street bridge. Fortunately there wasn't more than enough of brine to come to his knees when on his feet and the cold plunge ended in nothing more serious than mussed up clothing and damp extremities. He was rescued from the unbecoming situation by passersby and taken to his home on East Eleventh Street, where, after a change of clothing had been made he again attempted to complete the tragedy with a shot gun, but was caught in the act and placed under guard.

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ON EASY PAYMENTS
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Guaranteed for One Year
$50 down and balance in monthly payments will buy any car under our future delivery plan. Ask about it.
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65 page illustrated catalogue showing these cars, free
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When Ships Were Built In the Woods.

In colonial days the shipping for our home trade and for sale abroad was built chiefly in the district of Maine and in New Hampshire. These two colonies built rather more than one-half the entire American tonnage in the days immediately preceding the Revolution. The older ports could not compete with the new settlements amid the timber. When the great trees had been exhausted on the river banks gangs of shipwrights went a mile or two into the forests and here on the uplands would build a vessel of 100 tons or more, mount her on strong sledges of timber, hitch on a team of 200 oxen and drag it in one steady pull over the snow to the frozen surface of a navigable stream. Such a team of oxen would be a quarter of a mile long, and it took the teamstership of a major general to start them all at once. It was called "raising them," and this work once done nothing must stop them till the ship rested on the ice.—Boston Globe.

Buckwheat.

Buckwheat began to be cultivated in England in 1597. It had been brought to Europe from Asia 100 years before.

Inauguration
Reduced Fares
TO
Washington
March 1, 2 and 3, 1913
Tickets sold from stations beyond 250 miles from Washington on above dates, good returnig until March 8, inclusive.
CONSULT TICKET AGENT
Pennsylvania R. R.

ECZEMA
CAN BE CURED
I Will Prove It to You Free

You who are suffering the torture of Eczema, Salt Rheum or other skin diseases—I do not want your money—I want you to be convinced by the terrific cleansing, purifying and healing properties of a little wonder-working, healing treatment which has cured, as I believe it will cure you. I will send it free, prepaid, at my expense and without obligation on your part. Just fill the coupon below and mail it to me, or write me, giving your name and address. I will send the treatment free of cost to you.
CUT OUT AND MAIL TO DAY
J. C. HUTZELL, 116 West Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.
Name..... Age.....
Post Office .....
State..... Street and No.....

Twenty-eight New Armories.

The bill prepared by the State Armory Board for the construction of twenty-eight armories and the maintenance of the buildings owned by the board made its appearance in the Legislature in the course of the present week, and will carry $1,331,800. This measure, which is the result of study of the armory situation for the last two years, will designate each armory to be erected.

The appropriation is divided into three parts—$910,000 for construction upon an allotment plan, $315,000 for completion of buildings begun and $106,800 for maintenance. The allotment is on a basis of $30,000 for each single infantry company armory and $50,000 for each troop of cavalry, battery of artillery or engineer company.

In the allotment for the completion of armories already begun is $40,000 for completing the Williamsport armory.

In that portion of the bill providing for the erection of new armories will be found allotments of $30,000 each for armories at Lock Haven, for Company H, Twelfth Infantry; at Milton, for Company C, Twelfth Infantry, and at Lewisburg, for Company A, Twelfth Infantry.

The armory board has also stipulated that before any building is erected the city or town must convey the site to the Commonwealth, this policy having been adopted the last few years and resulted in valuable properties being conveyed to the state.

Brake Test a Success.

Reports received in Altoona from the party which took the special train east for an exhaustive test at Atlantic City of the new Westinghouse electric automatic brake attachment, were to the effect that no trouble was experienced in controlling the train on the middle division. This was not in any sense a test of the device, however, which is not merely a brake, but which has for its main feature the use of electric currents to automatically apply the air when the train has run past a danger signal. The middle division is not equipped with the necessary wiring to test this feature of the device as yet, but it will be thoroughly tested at Atlantic City, where ten miles of track have been wired and arrangements made to subject the invention to every possible condition.

Sends $100 to Greece.

A Greek working as a sweeper in the bolt shop, of the Altoona machine shops department, has sent $100 to the Grecian goverment, to be used in helping defeat the despicable Turks. He is not the only member of his family that has sacrificed himself. A brother who had emigrated to this country and who succeeding here returned to the mother country to fight in the army. The Altoona Greek cannot earn a great deal of money. The shopmen consider his sacrifice extraordinary. He is able to speak English fairly well and talks frequently about the war.

Indoor Ranges for Militia.

National Guard inspectors of rifle practice discussed the regulations for the work this year at a conference at the capitol last Friday. The plan for the work of 1913 was outlined and arrangements for the issuance of an order in the fall making changes in the system to include indoor range work as required by the Federal regulations.

Quick and the Dead.

"That young man who comes to see you is certainly a live one."

"Yes, he's a live one, all right; but he's dead in love.

Proving the Contrary.

"Vary your means for different ends."

"But look at our cook! She beats eggs to make them stiff and steak, to make it tender."

"Suffered day and night the tormen of itching piles. Nothing helped me until I used Doan's Ointment. It cured me permanently."—Hon. John R. Garrett, Mayor, Girard, Ala.—Advt.

John Adams Martz Dead.

At 2.50 o'clock last Thursday morning at his residence in Altoona, John Adams Martz, one of the oldest and best known residents of that city, died of a complication of diseases, after an illness of one week.

Mr. Martz had been retired from active service of the Pennsylvania Railroad company only last July, and had since resided at his home. He had been employed as a car builder in the local shops of the railroad company, having entered the service about thirty-one years ago and continued at this work up until the date of his retirement not one year since. He was born January 10, 1842, in Clinton county and lived for several years at Tusseyville, Clinton county, from where he moved to Altoona. On April 14, 1963, he was united in marriage to Catherine Boal, who survives, with the following sons and daughters: William S., of Tusseyville; Mrs. William Smith, of Huntingdon; S. Clayton, Sarah C., Annie R. and A. C. Dillman, all of Altoona. One sister also survives, Mrs. George Spangler, of Centre Hall.

Priest Gets $15,000 Verdict.

Fifteen thousand dollars damage for false imprisonment was awarded last Friday to the Rev. Father L. A. Klauder, by a jury at Ogdensburg, N. Y. The verdict was returned after a trial lasting ten days.

The defendants in the action were Bishop Henry Gabriels, of the Catholic diocese of Ogdensburg; Coadjutor Bishop Joseph Conroy and Dr. W. B. Handwig and W. D. Cooper, of the Ogdensburg State Asylum for the Insane. The plaintiff set forth that the defendants had caused him to be placed in the asylum after his refusal to relinquish his parish at Faust, N. Y. Transferred by the Bishop, he declined to accept the change, and, going to the cathedral, started to read an address in defense of his stand. He was then seized and committed to the asylum. He obtained release through a habeas corpus writ and brought the suit just decided.

$100 For Conscience.

One hundred dollars in gold was added to the State Treasury conscience fund by an unknown person several days ago. The money was received at the Treasury in a heavy brown envelope, mailed at the Harrisburg station post office, and not registered. It was addressed to the State Treasurer and contained the initial B in the upper left hand corner. The only paper accompanying the remittance was a sheet of paper on which was printed "Put in State Treasury." The money was passed to the conscience fund, which now amounts to over $200 for the year.

Read "The Republican" one dollar in advance

Court Proclamation!

Whereas the Honorable Ellis L. Orvis, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th. Judicial District, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 21st. day of December, 1912, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FOURTH MONDAY OF FEBRUARY,

being the 24th. day of February, 1913, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th., with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 14th day of January, in the year of our Lord, 1913, and the one hundred and thirty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ARTHUR B. LEE,
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Sheriff.
January 14, 1913.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bellefonte Lumber Co. will be held at the offices of the Company, in Bellefonte, Pa., on Monday, February 17, 1913, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and to transact such other business as may properly come before such meeting.

D. BUCK,
Secretary.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes.
For sale at C. M Parrish, druggist..

A Practical Joke

It Turned Out Seriously In Two Respects

By ARTHUR D. PURDY

Sue Gwinne was known as the biggest little devil in B. We were all young then and were inclined to be frolicsome. I was, so far as I know, the only serious one in the lot. I suppose that this was the reason I fell in love with Sue. Opposites take to each other, and by good rights Sue should have returned my proffered affection, but she did not. At any rate, I couldn't be sure for more than half an hour at a time that she did. She would say something very sweet to me, raising me to the pinnacle of ecstasy, then cast me down by cold treatment.

It seemed to delight her to make me miserable, and why I couldn't understand. I wondered why she didn't play her pranks on the rest of the boys. I couldn't see that they had any especial advantages over me. Nor was I considered stupid. Why, then, had she picked me out to torment?

Sue had kept me in a chronic state of fret during the fall and winter, but when the season was about to close seemed inclined to let up somewhat in her endeavors to make me miserable. Our set agreed to end the winter's festivities by a fancy dress ball. Deciding upon or getting up a costume was entirely out of my line, for I had no inventive faculty in such matters. In my dilemma Sue kindly came to my assistance. "Leave it to me," she said, "and I guarantee that you shall have one of the most striking costumes at the ball."

This was not only a great relief to me, but set me up with regard to her preference for me. Had she not picked me out among all the fellows for an act of kindness? And when she told me that she would make my costume with her own hands I was proud as a peacock. All she wanted was a few measurements. As to material, she said it would cost little or nothing. I asked her what the costume was to be, but she wouldn't tell me, assuring me that I would be much pleased with it. I really cared very little what I represented, whether it was Louis XIV., Oliver Cromwell or George Washington. I was quite content to leave the whole matter to Sue, believing that she would provide a costume in keeping with my dignity.

The afternoon of the day on which the ball was to take place Sue telephoned me that I had better come to her house and try on my costume. I did so and met with a surprise. There was not the least doubt as to my causing a sensation in it or that it would be considered the most striking costume at the ball. I was to represent a bird of paradise.

On a light framework was the body of the bird, its feathers made of tissue paper. Space was left in the center for my body, and stockings of a proper color were provided for my legs. The tail was a wonder. Beautiful streamers composed of many hues shot out in the rear, resembling either the tail of a bird of paradise or a rainbow, whichever the beholder chose.

I confess I was very crestfallen. The prospect of disporting myself in this gaudy apparel was especially disagreeable to me. I refused to use it. Sue had two or three of her girl friends with her, who at once manifested great astonishment that I did not appreciate it, and Sue herself looked very much put out that all her trouble should have been for nothing. Between them they succeeded in persuading me to put it on. I did so and was no sooner decorated with it than they all cried at once: "Splendid! Beautiful! It will be the finest thing in the room! What an original idea!"

Well, I simply yielded my consent to make a fool of myself, because four girls set themselves to the task of forcing me to do so. Each one of them promised to make it easy for me by their support, giving me the most of their time and dances at the ball, though how I was to sweep that three yards of tail around in a dance I did not know, and they failed to explain.

We are any of us liable to do something and afterward cannot understand how we were silly enough to have done it, and this was a case in point with me. I knew all the while that I should refuse to wear such a costume, but I didn't have the stamina in me to withstand these girls. Besides, I feared that if I failed to appear in it after the pains Sue had taken in designing and making it I would break the thread that bound her to me.

On the night of the ball I was obliged to carry my costume to the building where it took place and put it on there. Had I gone through the streets with it on I should have been mobbed. The moment I entered the ballroom every eye was fixed upon me. The girls who had persuaded me to wear the bird stood by their promise to support me, and all clustered about me, each claiming the honor of the first dance with me, though they all at last gave way to Sue.

I shall never forget that dance. Had I been the kind of a fellow to make a guy of myself in order to afford amusement for others I would have considered myself to be covered with glory. Being a quiet, serious, studious, dignified person, I was in an agony. Every turn I made in the dance, sweeping my nine feet of tail behind me, excited the laughter not only of those in the set with me, but every one in the room. The antics of the others to get out of the way of my tail feathers were alone enough to set the whole company into a babel of hilarity. One couple after another stopped dancing to look at me till at last the set I was with was the only one remaining on the floor, the others forming a ring around us to laugh at me. I made a break to get away, but Sue caught me by the tail and held me long enough for others to interfere and put me back in my place.

And so I was forced to make a spectacle of myself for the others till the end of the dance. Sue endeavored to keep me steady by an occasional pressure of the hand or some other method of coddling me. But my mortification and anger were gradually getting the better of me, and, though I concealed it, I was vowing vengeance on her. It occurred to me that no girl would thus demean a man she felt any love for and that she had taken this means of showing her contempt for me.

By the time I had finished this first dance I was ready to leave the room, take off my bird costume and go away in anger. I think I should have done so had not Dan Wilson, an intimate man friend of mine, told me that but one course remained to me—to carry out the joke as though I enjoyed it. To give way to anger would only make the matter worse. I saw the sense of this advice and resolved to act upon it.

Having taken this resolution, I did the best I could to play my part, and it might have been after all quite a successful plot on the part of Sue and her abettors had not her recklessness spoiled it all. I gradually recovered my equanimity so far as to dissemble with her and conceal the bitterness I felt against her for leading me into such a trap. Possibly this encouraged her to go further. Having borrowed a match from the box of one of the men, she lighted the tissue paper on the tip end of my tail.

Very young persons are not overburdened with common sense, and as the little flame quickly spread it greatly amused the company. Feeling a warmth, I turned my head and, seeing the flame, my body, in an effort to put out the fire, giving a swish that fanned it into a conflagration.

The laughter of the lookers on suddenly gave way to anxiety, and several men rushed to my assistance. But by this time the flames had acquired considerable headway, and the task was a difficult one. My tail feathers were all aflame and those on my back were being ignited. A thrill of horror passed over those standing about me. The women, in their flimsy costumes, drew back, while the men pushed forward toward me. One, who was dressed as an Indian, took a blanket from his shoulders and wrapped it about me, while the others kept plucking the burning tail feathers. This saved me from death, but not from burning. My back and my legs were seriously scorched. I was led out of the hall, and I remember seeing among the throng of horror stricken faces that of Sue Gwinne, the very picture of remorse and despair.

The incident finished the ball before it had well begun. I was told afterward that a few persons remained and attempted to carry on the dances, but the fact that I was known to have been badly burned took the spirit out of the affair, and before midnight all was dark which should have been a brilliantly illuminated scene of gayety.

It was a month before I left my room. I confess I acted very badly toward the perpetrators of what though intended for an innocent joke, very nearly became a frightful tragedy. Sue sent me word of her distress and begged that she might be permitted to do something for me. But, believing that her action toward me had been intended to be contemptuous, I did not find it in my heart to forgive her. I showed my spleen by making no reply to her massage. She sent others to intercede for her, but I was adamant. It was not the burns that restrained my forgiveness, but the fact that my love—so I considered—had been spurned.

Finally my chum Dan Wilson, whose opinions had great weight with me, told me, that while Sue's act was to be considered as foolish and reprehensible in the extreme, the whole affair had been conceived in a spirit of mischief, and had no bearing whatever on her feelings toward me, unless it might be construed to indicate that she was favorably inclined toward me. He represented that the poor girl was suffering intensely in consequence of her act and my treatment of her was little short of cruel.

So I wrote Sue that I had come to the conclusion she had meant neither harm nor disrespect in providing me with a bird of paradise suit and firing the tail feathers, and begged that she would not distress herself further about it, especially since my wounds were nearly healed.

This brought her to see me. Kneeling beside me, she took my hand and wet it with her tears. I withdrew my hand for the purpose of lifting her face and made bold to kiss away her tears.

Any contemptible cause is good enough to bring about an understanding between lovers, and the ignition of the tail feathers of my bird of paradise suit caused fire of another kind to burst into flame in two hearts, mine and Sue's. For once, and for once only, I had the advantage of her. But even this occasion was short lived. We have been married but five years and already she has contrived to throw upon me the blame of that affair. She says that "had I not been such an uppish sort of a fellow there would have been no inducement for a girl to take the uppishness out of me."

The Great Marshal Ney.

A recent English book about Marshal Ney, Napoleon's heroic lieutenant, "the bravest of the brave," brings out some interesting facts. This Frenchman was really a German. He was born at Saarlouis, now in Prussia and then and always German. He spoke only German as a child. He was red haired, with a wide face and round blue eyes. Five feet eight inches in height, he had a short body and long legs. His comrades called him "le rougeot," which was equivalent to "carrots" or "brickton." He was forty-six years old at Waterloo. So was Napoleon. So was Wellington. Marshal Ney was a man who was trained to the hardships of a workman's life. His father was a cooper, and in his boyhood work in his father's business he was accustomed to toil and exposure. This enabled him to sleep placidly in the snow on the return from Moscow, wrapped in his cloak, "with the starved, ragged soldiers of the grand army keeping guard and the Cossacks prowling around in the darkness."

The Statistical Fiend.

We all know the bore that begins a sentence, "Statistics show." He can tell you how the daily flow of beer in St. Louis compares with the amount of Mississippi water that passes the city in twenty-four hours. He can state the tonnage of all ocean greyhounds, bulldogs, Pomeranians and curs of low degree. He knows how many men were slain in battles from that of Abancay or Aboukir to that of Zurich or Zelichow. He speaks as one having authority, and even those who run at his approach shake the head solemnly: "If old Augur says so it must be so." What a relief it is to find Sir William Ramsay admitting that the most accurate of statistics may lie! Some time ago the statement was made that 50 per cent of the total abstainers in a regiment stationed in India had died within a year. It turned out that the whole number was two, and one, while taking his morning walk, had been eaten by a tiger.—Philip Hale in Boston Herald.

A Cardboard Planet.

One remarkable achievement of Sir William Herschel was in connection with the planet Saturn. He had arranged to erect his telescope at Windsor castle to enable Queen Charlotte and the ladies of the court to see the wonders of the ringed planet, but on the evening arranged for the observation great banks of clouds covered the sky. However, he explained that that would not matter, and after the instrument had been carefully directed the queen and her attendants looked through it and saw the great planet and its marvelous rings quite distinctly. Herschel, it seems, had expected bad weather and during the day had made a cardboard model of the Saturnian system and erected it in the grounds, a lamp at the back providing the necessary illumination.—Westminster Gazette.

Overshadowing the Rothschilds.

One hundred years ago the Rothschilds were the only great international bankers. They were able to finance the need of nations, but the money they loaned was chiefly the money representing their colossal family fortune. Today there are a dozen great international banking firms, each of which is larger than the Rothschilds were a century ago and whose aggregate loaning power reaches an amount which would then have been almost inconceivable. There are now a thousand banks where then there was one, each representing the concentrated loaning power of thousands of people. They offer vast credit because the funds of the people, loaned through them, reach vast sums.—S. W. Straus in National Magazine.

What They Knew of Luther.

Of the painful lack of general information shown by the college student one instance will suffice. In a written test (whether in a college for young men or women is immaterial) the question was asked, "What was the secret of Luther's success as a reformer?" The question was left unanswered by the majority of the class. Some frankly avowed they did not know who Luther was. Some confounded the name with that of Luther Burbank. One answer which greatly horrified the professors was this: "The secret of Luther's success was his diet of worms."—Suburban Life.

Love and Hate.

Love once more; perhaps this time you may succeed in being loved back again.

Enemies are only useful as long as you are rising. Once at the top you must do away with them by making them your friends.—Epigrams of Queen Elisabeth (Carmen Sylva).

Giving Up.

"I gave up smoking to please Rose and drinking to please Nellie."

"What did you give up to please Marie?"

"Nothing as yet. She wants me to give up the two other girls."—Pittsburgh Post.

Defines Economy.

"What is the meaning of economy?"

"Economy, my son, is going without something you do want in case some day you should want something which you probably won't want."—Exchange.

Their Class.

"What are the kind they call fugitive poets?"

"I suppose they are the ones whose style is chased."—Exchange.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.—Proverbs.

In Easy Going Trinidad.

The hotel in Trinidad is the antithesis of the bustle of the port and the delirium of the drive. An old darky in faded livery, "Methuselah," totters out and looks at you. Coolly clad figures in rocking chairs on the porch meditatively absorb their drinks without even doing that. After a time a clerk appears and you sign the register. A while later a black boy comes and lifts your luggage from the motor. After a little longer interval the manager has reached the point of taking you for a long, slow, rambling walk, which leads at length to the room that is reserved.

It is a huge chamber, half as large as a tennis court. A wicker couch, two big cane arm chairs, two tables, a gigantic bed and a chest of drawers constitute the furniture. The doors, the window shades and the walls for two feet down from the ceiling are lattice work, open to all the winds that blow. A door in front opens into the garden facing the savanna. In the courtyard behind tame white aigrets step daintily among the palms, and a parrot and toucan screech to each other from adjoining cages. On one side is a row of sheds containing huge bathtubs.—From "The Path of the Conquistadores," by Lincoln Bates, Jr.

Barnum's First Show Venture.

P. T. Barnum launched his career in the show business by exhibiting a remarkable negro woman, believed to be 160 years old and said to have been a nurse to George Washington. An old bill of sale was exhibited, properly dated, concerning Joyce Heth, then aged fifty-four years, and evidence was also furnished that she was nurse to George Washington. Everything seemed so straightforward to the young man that he was eager to become the proprietor of this novel exhibition, which he purchased for $1,000, $500 of which he paid down, selling out his interest in the grocery business, and the other $500 he borrowed. He saw that the thing to do was to make people talk and become curious and excited over rare spectacles. Regardless of expense he advertised in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and the halls were thronged until Joyce Heth died.—National Magazine.

The Best Security.

What security is there best suited to "the average man" possessing (1) safety, (2) stability, (3) profit and (4) convertibility? Traveling in a circle, we come back to our original point of departure—real estate. First mortgage bonds based on the highest class of improved, income producing real estate in a large city with a large margin of safety and an absolute first lien returning 5, 5½ and 6 per cent on the investment are to my mind the ideal investment for "the average man" and indeed for all others. A century or two ago real estate first mortgages were the only safe investment. The first mortgage real estate bond is simply the modern form of the real estate mortgage, equally safe and far more convenient and convertible. If one cannot or does not wish to own real estate he may at least own bonds based on it.—S. W. Straus in Leslie's.

The Savage Club's Founder.

Sir John Hare in a diverting speech at the Savage club told this reminiscence:

Of Andrew Halliday, the founder of this club, perhaps I may be forgiven if I tell you a little anecdote, which may or may not be known to you. Andrew Halliday was an author, not a very distinguished author, but an extremely nice, charming fellow. At dinner one night at the club a stranger was present, and Harry Leigh asked who was the gentleman at the head of the table. "That is Colonel Duff." "Oh!" "Yes, that is Halliday's brother." "I thought his name was Halliday." "He took the name of Halliday as a nom de plume." "Oh! I see—positive Duff, comparative Duffer, superlative Halliday."—London Standard.

A Comb In the Claw.

Many birds possess a useful comb in the claw of the middle toe of the foot. This has been noticed in owls, nightjars, herons, bitterns, cormorants, gannets, etc. It has been explained as a means of holding the prey securely. The comb is sometimes replaced by a curved blade with teeth, which run along the inner side of the claw. Such a blade is found in razorbills, wild ducks, gulls, starlings and many other birds. Where a comb is required the inner edge of this blade becomes divided into teeth. Young nightjars or goatsuckers have only the blade, but old ones have a well developed comb.

The Intelligent Bohemian Life.

Corot, the French landscape painter, was a model of consistent bohemianism of the best kind. When his father said, "You shall have £80 a year, your plate at my table and be a painter or you shall have £4,000 to start with if you will be a shopkeeper," his choice was made at once. He remained always faithful to true bohemian principles, fully understanding the value of leisure.

Doing Him a Favor.

Perturbed Diner—What on earth is the matter with you this evening, waiter? First you give me the fish and now after the fish you give me the soup. Waiter (confidentially)—Well, to tell the truth, sir, it was 'igh time you 'ad that fish.—London Sketch.

He Does, He Does.

A man tells a girl he would give all he has in the world to make her happy, and then he growls when she marries him and holds him strictly to his word.—New York Tribune.

An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.—Cato.

A Blue Ribbon

It Served For a Shoestring, and Thereby Hangs the Tale

By F. A. MITCHEL

Harry Spangler, a light hearted young man of twenty, opened the front door and went out for a walk. He was immaculately clad—a silk hat, a light spring overcoat, gloved and carried a cane. There is always a weak spot somewhere about us, and the weak spot in Mr. Spangler's attire was one frayed shoestring. He had not gone far before it was dangling under his heels. He stopped near a stone stoop and, putting his foot upon a lower step, was about to tie it when he discovered that it was broken. Not only was it broken, but broken in the middle, and in order to right it he must take it out, readjust one half of it and throw the other half away.

To do this necessitated sitting down on the stone step and taking off his shoe. Looking about him to see that no one was near to see him in such an undignified position he dusted off the step with his snow white handkerchief, seated himself and went to work. Having withdrawn the string in endeavoring to get it back in place he discovered that the metal tip had been flattened and would not go into the holes. The cut end would not go in without the skill of a needle threader. He succeeded, however, in doing the job when he discovered that the string could not be tied, one end being made shorter than the other.

Mr. Spangler was sitting there looking at the shoe when along came a young lady a couple of years his junior, dressed as immaculately as he and withal very pretty. She endeavored to repress a smile at the situation which she took in at once, then in the kindness of her heart began to feel over her corsage, her shoulders, for something with which to replace the broken string. Finding a narrow ribbon she detached it and handed it to the handicapped man, but the look of despair in his face at being able to introduce it into his shoe so affected her that, taking off her gloves, she introduced the ribbon with her own deft fingers. Harry put on the shoe, tied the ends of the ribbon, then rising shook the leg of his trousers down over it. He was profuse in his thanks, lifted his hat with a bow he had often practiced before the glass, and the girl who had succored him passed on. All that was left of her was a blue ribbon a quarter of an inch wide and about sixteen inches long.

When Spangler returned to his home he took the ribbon out of his shoe, smoothed out the kinks and contemplated it as a valued memento of the girl whose charming person it had decorated and whose fingers had placed it in his shoe. Then folding it two or three times, he ran it through the buttonhole of his coat, tied it in a bow knot and vowed he would leave it there till he should meet the donor again.

Mr. Spangler's mind was not so full of important subjects but that there was room for a pretty girl who had given him a smile for himself and a ribbon for his boot. Whenever he looked at the ribbon, remembering where it had been, he was distressed to think that it had descended from its position in the neighborhood of violets to rubbing against malodorous shoe blacking. It kept fresh in his mind that pink and white complexion, those eyes of the heaven's own blue, those coils of blond shining in the sunlight, that dainty figure, displayed by a fashionably cut costume.

Spangler never went out on to the street without wearing the ribbon tied in a butterfly knot in his buttonhole. Several months passed without his meeting the donor again, when one day, turning a corner, he came suddenly upon her. She passed him without any sign of recognition whatever though he caught her gaze momentarily fastened on the ribbon in his buttonhole. Notwithstanding that it would not have been etiquette for her to notice a stranger, even though she had succored him in distress, he felt hurt that she had not shown some evidence of having met him before. But she passed on in among the throng, and he did not know that he should ever meet her again.

But, hopeful, he continued to wear the ribbon. Every day for a year he turned the corner where he had met her, fancying that she might have occasion at times to pass that way; yet saw her there no more. But one gala day while standing on a curb where a crowd had gathered to see a procession pass he turned, and there in a window with others was the girl who was haunting him. He stood looking up at her for some time, but whether she saw him or whether she was ignorant of his presence he could not tell. At any rate, she ignored him. Loath as he was to leave her without learning something by which he might trace her, he felt obliged to move on lest she consider his stare an impertinence.

Spangler felt that the girl had an advantage over him and was holding on to it. A man who wishes the acquaintance of a lady must find the means for an introduction. There is among refined women that gateway which must be passed before the two can have anything in common. If the lady is about to sail for the other side of the world and the man she would like to know stands beside her, it is a point of honor, or pride, or coquetry with her to leave it to him to break the barrier between them.

Such was the present case. Spangler, could he have learned who the lady was or where she lived, would have moved heaven and earth to find a mutual friend to introduce him. But he could not attach himself long enough to her to get any information about her. Once while chatting with a friend on the street she passed him and he asked the friend if he knew her. Had the reply been definitely in the negative Spangler would have accepted the inevitable. It is not the inevitable that troubles us; we recover from it very soon. It is the might have been—the slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. Spangler's companion gave him excruciating agony by saying that he had met the lady, but for his life he could not tell when or where, what was her name or where she lived.

"Think," said Spangler.

His friend thought, but with no result.

"You're stupid as an owl," snapped Spangler. "If I had met a girl anywhere I would surely be able to recall something by which she might be identified."

It seemed as if fate were determined to tantalize Spangler. He saw the girl he wished to know on a trolley car. He tried to board the car, but it was going at a breakneck speed. One day he was sitting in a railway car, just leaving a station, when an incoming train passed him. At a window he saw her just long enough for her to lower her eyes from his to the ribbon in his buttonhole. Then again she was gone. On another occasion, while on a ferryboat, he saw her standing on the deck of another boat going the other way. Yet never in any of these meetings did she show the slightest recognition of ever having seen him before.

Spangler had a bosom friend, to whom he told his story, mentioning the fact that, though the girl on passing him never failed to cast a momentary glance on the ribbon in his buttonhole, she also failed to show the slightest recognition of him, not even permitting herself an amused smile.

"I'll tell you what you do," said his companion. "The next time you pass her pull the ribbon from your buttonhole and wave it about your head ecstatically. Try her on that, and if it doesn't break the ice the next time kiss it and weep over it."

Spangler was much comforted by this idea; but, lover-like, he despaired of ever meeting the girl again. And he didn't—that is, he didn't pass her on the street or in a railroad car or an automobile. But fate was waiting to give him a far better opportunity than any of these. One evening, being invited to a dance, he donned his spike tail coat, his low cut white vest with eighteen carat gold buttons, and appeared on the scene, quite ready for any conquest that might present itself. He had no sooner appeared at the door of the dancing hall, his thumbs in his trousers pockets and his neck stretched to see over his inordinately high shirt collar, than he espied the object of his adoration careering with her head over her partner's shoulders in the two step.

He had his ribbon in his pocket—he never wore it where it would attract attention, though he always carried it with him—and on seeing his inamorata he whipped it out and tied it in his buttonhole. Choosing a partner, he sailed into the dance, steered her toward the lady he desired to impress and had the satisfaction to see her eyes fixed on the ribbon as she passed him; but, as at the other meeting, her face was as impassive as a marble statue.

"I'll break through that if I have to disgrace myself to do it," said Spangler. And, going into the gentlemen's dressing room, he took the string from one of his low patent leather shoes and tied the ribbon in it in a butterfly knot of great beauty. On re-entering the hall he found the revelers forming for a square dance. Finding his partner, he led her to the set in which the girl whose attention he wished to attract had taken position and established himself as her vis-a-vis. She ignored him as completely as ever. While standing still his trousers covered his blue ribbon shoestring.

The music struck up, and the head couples moved forward and back. Spangler on advancing raised his beribboned foot and swung it in graceful curves. The young lady opposite stood her ground, but the rigidity of her face showed signs of giving way. As Spangler receded he left the decorated shoe as far forward as possible. On turning corners he held it high, hopping around on the other foot.

The goal was won! The lady who had furnished the ribbon and laced his shoe burst into laughter.

There were more explosions during the dance, and when it was finished and Spangler led his partner to a seat near that of the girl whose reserve he had conquered the latter gave him a smile that said plainly, "Come and speak to me." He approached, saying, "I bet of you to suggest some one to introduce me." To which she replied, "A man needs no introduction to a girl who has tied his shoe," and straightway made room for him beside her.

Spangler in telling the story, which he does on every possible occasion, always ends with the words, "It isn't much of a yarn, but it illustrates what obstinate creatures girls are." Whereupon his wife adds, "Girls are queer, I suppose, and I daresay I was at that time as singular as the rest of them. I admit I greatly enjoyed throwing Harry off, but when he did the shoestring act with my blue ribbon in a ballroom it was too much for me."

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PRESIDENT 6 YEARS

The proposed change to the federal constitution fixing the term of the President at six years and making him ineligible to a second term should be adopted. In a single stroke there would thereby be accomplished not only a needed reform but one that would greatly benefit business the country over. Under the present system we are hardly out of one presidential campaign until we are in another. Meanwhile business remains upset and constantly menaced by uncertainty.

Entirely aside from the question of parties—and all parties are pretty much alike, for that matter—it is notoriously true that a new President is hardly in office until he begins to play politics to bring about his re-election. In fact, virtually the greater part of his first term is devoted to securing a second term. Most Presidents have accomplished more in their second term than in their first. The reason is quite apparent. It is a system unhealthy for the office, for the occupant and for the country-at-large.

If the proposed change to the federal constitution is adopted the business world will not be subject to disturbance every four years. When a President is elected he will know that he cannot succeed himself and that he has nothing to gain for himself by attending to politics rather than to business. In a word, he will have before him nothing but attending to his job, and when he attends to it properly he will be kept busy. The approval of the proposition in all parts of the country indicates that people everywhere believe that the time has arrived to make the change.

OUR HOSPITAL'S NEEDS.

It is a matter for keen regret that the State Board of Charities refused to recognize the pressing needs of the Bellefonte hospital and recommended only a mere $5000 appropriation for each of the next two years. The amount recommended does not include a single dollar for extension or improved facilities. The entire $10,000 is for maintenance, only.

That the Legislature will be made to right a wrong in this instance is the earnest hope of every friend of the hospital. The burden of for endeavoring to bring this about falls upon our representatives at Harrisburg, Mr. Gramley in the House, and Mr. Alexander in the Senate. We have every confidence in the willingness of both to exert themselves to the utmost in the matter. Aggressive work on their part will be necessary, however, if the hospital is to obtain the money so badly needed.

Reduced to a statement of cold fact, if the recommendation of the Board of Charities is upheld in the Legislature it means that the Bellefonte hospital can make no progress in the next two years. A new wing is absolutely necessary to create more room, and additional wards must be established if the hospital is to meet the constantly increasing demands. The hospital is and has been crowded to more than its capacity. Private subscriptions and endowments have made possible many of the improvements installed. The request that the appropriation for the next two years be substantially increased was justified by existing conditions and an intelligent appreciation of future needs. With due respect to the Board of Charities it seems entirely reasonable that the needs of the hospital should have received more liberal recognition.

It is now for the Legislature to say whether or not our hospital is to stand still or advance in the next two years. This decision will rest largely with the Appropriation Committee in the House. It would be the part of wisdom for the friends of the hospital to make the fight for a reasonable appropriation when the bill is considered by this committee. We confidently believe that once the Legislature extends justice to the Bellefonte hospital the bill will be accorded justice when it goes to the desk of Governor Tener.

Two Knaves Of Hearts

And the Result of Their Meeting

By ARNOLD HORTON

The soldier boy of 1861-65 was a very different personage from the white haired, wrinkled, tottering old man of the present day. Bob Meriden entered the Union army at eighteen and came out at twenty-two. When he was mustered into the service he was a rosy cheeked boy with a perpetual smile on his face. To look at him no one would have thought that he was going south to stand up to be shot at. Yet the only time when he looked serious was at being ordered north on recruiting service. He was afraid he would miss a fight.

But this was in the beginning of it. The enthusiastic young men of that period got quite enough of fighting before they were through with campaigning, and those who struggled with disease and wounds had a harder time still. But this story is of the earlier, reckless, devil may care period when the youngsters who went into the war felt that they were off on a picnic.

Bob Meriden was as full of the romance of war as any soldier in the northern army. He had read stories of spies and their doings and was especially ambitious to do secret service work. So he told his captain that if there was any call from headquarters for volunteers to go south for information to let him know. One day Bob was notified that such service was required, and if he cared to undertake it he was to report in person at headquarters. He lost no time in doing so, and the general after looking him over said to him:

"Can you talk like a southerner?"

"Reckon," was Bob's reply.

"Let me hear you say New York."

"Nieu Yauk."

"I expect you'll get on in that respect. Have you ever done any secret service work?"

"No, general."

The general was silent for a few moments. He realized the dangers the boy was about to meet and hesitated to send him. He told Bob that he ran a considerable risk of being hanged and advised him not to undertake the job. But the young soldier begged to be permitted to go, and the general finally consented. Bob was to proceed south to the Confederate lines, note the positions and numbers of the troops and secure such other information as would be valuable to his commander.

That evening after dark the spy, dressed in a suit of "butternut" and a faded straw hat, presented a pass at the picket line for Abner Shock. He was permitted to go forth and after walking a few miles, in order that he might not be found near the Federal lines, went into bivouac in a wood.

In the morning he was awakened by the sun shining through the trees and, sitting up, looked about him. The birds were chirping in the trees, the air was balmy. Indeed, the scene was as peaceful as any the young man had ever experienced. It was difficult for him to realize that he was between two armies, whose business it was to slaughter each other, and that if he were known to be a Union soldier in disguise he would be swinging off from the limb of a tree.

Arising from his earthly bed, he made his way to the turnpike and walked southward. Coming to a farmhouse, he asked for a breakfast and received some corn pone and a cup of chicory in lieu of coffee. Being asked where he came from and where he was going, he said that the Yanks had destroyed his father's farm and he was going down to enlist in the Confederate army.

After breakfast, for which he paid in Yankee shinplasters of the period, he took to the road again. He had not gone far before he met a slip of a girl walking in the opposite direction. She was a country girl of the better class and quite pretty. Bob, who had seen nothing but men since he came to Virginia, was not minded to let this young creature go by without a word with her. She was carrying a basket on her arm containing eggs and butter, and Bob, by way of opening conversation, asked her if they were for sale. She replied that they were not, but he was at liberty to help himself. He had no use for either at present and declined. Then they sat down beside the road and began to chatter like magpies.

The girl, much to Bob's surprise, told him that she belonged to a Union family; that they were all being treated very badly and that she would like to go north to Harrisburg, where an aunt of hers was living. But she feared she would not be permitted to pass through the Union lines and wouldn't know how to travel if she were. Bob asked her where she lived, and she said her home lay within the Confederate lines not far below. She was taking the butter and eggs she carried to a house she pointed out. What she would do next she didn't succeed in making clear to Bob.

The upshot of the dialogue was that Bob changed his mind about enlisting in the Confederate army and told the girl that he would be back that way in a day or two and he thought he might help her on her way to her aunt in Harrisburg. To this she replied that he might find her on her return and he might not.

Leaving her, Bob pursued his way down the road, thinking more of her than his mission. Just before coming to a depression in the road that would hide her from him he turned for a last look. She turned at the same moment, and they both smiled. Then Bob, seeing a cluster of white tents before him, began to remember what he was there for.

The next evening about dusk Ella Carneal, the girl Bob had met on his way south, looking out through a window, saw half a dozen Confederate troopers riding rapidly up the road. One of them left the others and, coming to the house, called. Ella opened the window, and he asked if she had seen anything of a young fellow in a butternut suit. She said she hadn't, and, riding on, he joined his comrades.

Some twenty minutes later, when it was quite dark without, she saw a face at the window. It was very pale and wore a frightened look. Moreover, it was the face of the young man in butternut she had met on the road the morning before.

Bob Meriden had got within the Confederate lines through a gap in the pickets, had gone about gathering information, but had excited suspicion. He had become aware of his danger and hid himself in a wood from whence he had seen the men who had suspected him riding rapidly on the road and felt sure they were after him. Finding a picket dozing on his post, Bob effected an exit and, skulking over wooded ground, had brought up at the house in question.

The two youngsters held a conference, and Bob told Ella that the Confederates had tried to force him to enlist in their cause, but he had succeeded in getting away from them. He did not dare remain in the house—he would skulk in the woods—but if the next morning she would meet him on the road within range of the Federal pickets he would see what he could do toward getting her through the lines and sending her north to her aunt. She thankfully accepted his proposition, and Bob skulked away to hide from those seeking him.

It was about 10 o'clock in the morning that Bob, having passed through a cornfield, mounted a fence at a rise in the ground and looked about him. On the road he saw walking a figure that he judged to be Ella Carneal. Descending from his point of observation, he made toward her, and she waved her hand to him. He soon joined her, and they walked together toward the Union picket line.

Bob knew that at that time his commander, who was preparing for a movement, was very particular about allowing citizens in his camps. So, concluding that it would be necessary, in order to get his protege through and send her on her way north, that he should vouch for her, he told her that he would tell the general that he had found in her a cousin and instructed her as to the part she should play. She was very grateful to him for this, though she regretted that the deception should be necessary. On coming to the picket Bob asked the officer in command to inform the general of his coming and ask permission to bring another person to headquarters. The officer was directed to bring the two in at once.

Bob had gathered just the information his commander required. Ella remained outside the tent while Bob went in and reported. As soon as he he had done so he informed the general of his meeting with his cousin and asked permission to send her north. The general was surprised at the coincidence and looked incredulous. But Bob assured him that the girl was an unsophisticated little thing, barely sixteen, and the commander gave his consent. He suggested, however, that one of his staff take the girl in charge.

Bob winced at this, but was forced to obey, and bade goodby to his little cousin with regret, promising that as soon as the war was over he would look her up.

That was the last that Bob saw of Ella Carneal till the next day, when he received an order to report in person at general headquarters. What was his astonishment to find his cousin there with a soldier on each side of her.

"In you two," said the general, "are a pair of knaves. You go south to do secret service work for me and bring back a 'cousin' to do secret service work for the enemy."

"What do you mean, general?" cried the astonished Bob.

"I suspected your 'cousin,' whose story was very flimsy, and gave her the run of our camps. But I set a watch upon her. She was taking down notes of our forces and making sketches of our defenses when she was interrupted in her work and brought to me."

"You don't mean it, general!" exclaimed Bob.

"According to the rules of war, it is my duty to order a drumhead court martial and hang her."

"Great heavens!"

"There was an impressive silence, which was broken by the general. 'The information you brought me is very valuable. What reward do you ask for getting it?'"

Bob took the hint and said eagerly, "I ask a pardon for this little girl."

"That let's me out," replied the general. "It is my duty to hang her, but since you claim her life as your reward for a service in which you risked the death that is due her she is pardoned. When the information she has acquired shall have become useless she shall be permitted to go where she likes."

After the war Captain Robert Meriden looked up his "cousin," though he did not go to Harrisburg to find her. He married her in Virginia, and they were for years known as the two spies.

Animal Life.

The May fly's life is complete in four to five hours, during which it is born, matures, loves, fights, mates, propagates and dies. The ordinary moth lives three to four days, the locust (grasshopper) lives four weeks, dragon fly six to eight weeks, male bees or drones four to five months, snails two to three years, queen bee two to three years, mouse six years, squirrel six years, pigeon ten to twenty years, canary twelve to fifteen years, rabbit ten years, brer fox fourteen years, crawfish twenty years, pig twenty years, lion thirty-five years, toad frog forty years, cat forty years, bear fifty years, raven 100 years, eider duck, 100 years, parrot 100 years, golden eagle 104 years, white headed vulture 118 years, pike 200 years, carp 200 years, elephant 200 years and swan 300 years.

Considering the fact that the average man's age is only about thirty-three years, it will be seen that many members of the animal kingdom have a great advantage over the human race in their allotted length of life.

An Insult.

Angrily the head of the haberdashery concern stormed into the employment agency and demanded an interview with the manager.

"I understand," he said, "that you have been recommending as A1 collectors certain young men whom you represent as having collected money from us. If they can get it from us they can get it from anybody. That's the way you make it appear, consequently your clients land good jobs."

With visions of possible libel suits rising before his guilty conscience, the agent attempted self justification.

"You are considered pretty hard nuts, you know," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," said the man. "It ain't that I'm kicking about, but not one of your men has ever collected a dollar at our shop, and it don't do any good to lie about it."—New York Times.

It Might Have Been Worse.

Mark Twain during one of his lecture tours was waiting at a station for a delayed train. The lecture committee and several townsmen were with him and talking their best to pass the time away. One man told about a frightfully unhealthy town he had read about, and it was a grewsome tale of dying and burials and that sort. "It might have been worse," Twain followed in his slow and direct manner. "I lived in that same town for two years, and I never died once—not a single time." The way he said it seemed to daze the crowd, and not a man said a word in response. "Of course you may think I'm lying," the humorist continued, "and I'm sorry, for I can't get any witnesses to testify that I didn't, because everybody else that lived there is dead."

Dr. Johnson and Tea.

Jonas Hanway was an inveterate foe to tea and wrote a pamphlet in which he ascribed the majority of nervous disorders to tea drinking. He declared that the practice was sapping the vigor of Englishmen and spoiling the beauty of women and expressed horror at the fact that no fewer than six ships were employed in the China tea trade. Dr Johnson, who reviewed Hanway's diatribe in the Literary Magazine, prefaced his criticism with the frank avowal. "The author is to expect little justice from a hardened and shameless tea drinker, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool, who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight and with tea greets the morning," but even he admitted that tea drinking was not good for the working classes, as he thought it an inducement to idleness —London Chronicle.

More Than Was Asked.

The old tombstone, in the quaint fashion of its kind, implored the passer by to pause and drop a tear, and no sooner had the beautiful girl read the inscription than she began to weep. But her mother reproved her.

"Cecilia," she exclaimed, "why can you not have more restraint? You are requested merely to drop a tear, and here you have burst into several!"—Puck.

Patronizing Papa.

Father—Upon my word, you children are getting too dainty for anything. Jam and butter on the same piece of bread, indeed! Why, when I was your age I was glad to get enough dry bread to eat. Bobby—You have a much better time living with us, don't you, father?—National Monthly.

Comforting.

Wife—Why did you tell the Batsons that you married me because I was such a good cook, when you know I can't even boil a potato? Hubby—I had to make some excuse, my dear, and I didn't know what else to say. London Opinion.

His Advantage.

"An aviator has one big advantage over other men."

"Most of his advantages are over men, but what is this special one?"

"He can want the earth without being called grasping."—Baltimore American.

Economical.

Johnny—Mamma, will you wash my face? Mamma—Why, Johnny, can't you do that? Johnny—Yes, but I'll have to wet my hands, and they don't need it.—Lippincott's.

Not Like the National Game.

Geraldine—Did you ever play kissing games? Gerald—Yes, and I remember them as games that didn't have to be called on account of darkness.—New York Times.

Comparative Digestibility of Food

Made with different Baking Powders

From a Series of Elaborate Chemical Tests:

An equal quantity of bread (biscuit) was made with each of three different kinds of baking powder—cream of tartar, phosphate, and alum—and submitted separately to the action of the digestive fluid, each for the same length of time.

The relative percentage of the food digested is shown as follows:

Bread made with Royal Cream of Tartar Powder:

100 Per Cent. Digested

Bread made with phosphate powder:

68¼ Per Cent. Digested

Bread made with alum powder:

67¾ Per Cent. Digested

These tests, which are absolutely reliable and unprejudiced, make plain a fact of great importance to everyone: Food raised with Royal, a cream of tartar Baking Powder, is shown to be entirely digestible, while the alum and phosphate powders are found to largely retard the digestion of the food made from them.

Undigested food is not only wasted food, but it is the source of very many bodily ailments.

To Vote by Mail.

A bill has been drafted by the department of history and political economy of Pennsylvania State College for introduction in the legislature of Pennsylvania to enable voting by mail in certain cases. It will apply to commercial travelers, college and university students and others obliged to be absent from their regular voting places on election days. It will save them the time and expense of going home to vote. The plan is now in use in Kansas and some other states, where it is declared to be operating successfully. In Kansas the "mail" vote was a decisive factor in the recent presidential contest in that state.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity, Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, Price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

His Name is O. U. Kidd.

Representative Oscar Underwood, who has just turned fifty years and looks ten years younger, was advised at Washington a day or two ago that one of his admirers whose last name is Kidd, had named his latest arrival Oscar Underwood Kidd.

"I wonder if they'll call him 'O. U. Kidd,'" Mr. Underwood asked his secretary.

The Largest Magazine in the World.

Today's Magazine is the largest and best edited magazine published at 50c per year. Five cents per copy at all newsdealers. Every lady who appreciates a good magazine should send for a free sample copy and premium catalog. Address, Today's Magazine, Canton, Ohio.

Climbing to Church.

The only way of reaching the old parish church at Whitby, in Yorkshire, from the town is by means of 199 stone steps, probably as curious an approach to a place of worship as any in the kingdom. The church stands on the east cliff some 200 feet above sea level, and to watch the crowd of worshipers before and after service threading its way up and down the winding stairway is a sight to be remembered.—London Strand Magazine.

But It Didn't.

"Freddie, why did you drop the baby on the floor?"

"Well, I heard everybody say it is a bouncing baby, and I wanted to see it bounce."—Exchange.

The wisest man cannot turn a good action into ridicule.—Euripides.

The Elephant's Palate.

An elephant's palate is very delicate, and the animal is whimsical in selecting or rejecting morsels of food. A writer tells of an incident humorously illustrative of the whims of a tame elephant belonging to the police of Dhurbri. This elephant was fed with rice and plantains. The stems of the plantains were split and cut into transverse sections two feet in length. Three-quarters of a pound of rice was placed within each tube of plantain stem. One day while the elephant was being fed some one offered it a small sweet biscuit. It was taken in the trunk and almost immediately thrown on the ground. The mahout, thinking that the elephant had behaved rudely, picked up the biscuit and inserted it in a parcel of rice within a plantain stem. This was placed in the beast's mouth, and at the very first crunch it showed its disgust by refusing the whole mess. The small biscuit had disgusted the animal, and for several minutes it tried by its inserted trunk to rake out every atom from its tongue and throat.—Harper's Weekly.

How Japan Greets the New Year.

In Japan the new year is welcomed with far more energy than in this country. Let a man's energy be ever so defective, he is expected to rise at 6 a. m. and don new clothes to meet the auspicious morning. Then, with his gala garments in due order, he worships the gods, performs obeisance to the spirits of his ancestors and pays homage to all relations older than himself. No ordinary viands are consumed at breakfast. The tea must be made from water drawn from the well as the first ray of the new year's sun strikes it. On every table figures a red lacquer tray covered with evergreen leaves and supporting a rice dumpling, a lobster, oranges, persimmons, chestnuts, dried sardines and herring roe, all these dishes possessing an allegorical signification. This meal is the start of the festivities, which are continued for sixteen days, business being almost entirely suspended for the first week of the year.—Chicago News.

Six Hits With No Runs.

Baseball has some funny freaks, but none ever beat one which a writer recalls happened in a game in Indiana on May 30, 1890, when the Anderson club got three triplets, a double and two singles in one inning, and yet they didn't score. Ireland, the first batter, hit for a triple and tried to score on a short passed ball, but was tagged out. Wiswell, the next batter, hit for what looked like a home run, but was caught at the plate by a good return. Shumway, the next batter, tripled. The next batter, Derby, bunted, and while the third baseman was waiting for the ball to go foul the batter made second, thus giving him two bases. Faatz also bunted and was safe, as Shumway on third was held from scoring. This made five hits, and the sixth came when Fear hit a liner to right, the ball hitting Faatz on the way to second, thus retiring the side.

Explained.

Barber (rather slow)—Beg pardon, sir, but your hair is turning a bit gray.

Victim—Shouldn't wonder. Look at the time I've been here.—Exchange.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Ex-Sheriff Cooke was a business visitor at the county seat on Wednesday.

Mrs. John G. Love, of Bellefonte, was a visitor in Howard one day last week to see some of her sick relatives.

Daniel Hall, of Unionville, was a visitor at the home of his brother-in-law, H. C. Holter, on Thursday last.

Benjamin Wyland was a visitor to Lock Haven on Saturday of last week.

Christian Holter, who has been taking treatment in the Lock Haven hospital for a period of six weeks, returned to his home here last week, greatly improved.

Mrs. Fannie Leathers returned home last week after having spent several weeks in Warren, where she was called on account of the illness of her sister, Mrs. K. G. Shutt.

Mrs. James Bathurst and children were to Bellefonte last week to visit her parents.

R. J. Mann is at present visiting among relatives and friends at Lilly.

Frank Kokan and his crew of men, who have been working on the railroad here, have gone to Bellefonte to help along the work on the new penitentiary site.

Mrs. Mazie Neal, of Altoona, returned to her home there after visiting with her brother, C. A. Walyer, for several days.

J. A. Haagen and C. M. Muffly were transacting business in Bellefonte on Monday.

Ambrose Thomas, employed in a lumber camp at Unionville, spent Sunday with his family.

T. A. Pletcher spent several days in Harrisburg last week where he attended a harness makers' exhibit.

Miss Lulu Johnston visited several days last week with her brother, Kennedy Johnston, in Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. Burdine Butler, John Butler, and Mrs. William Rossman attended the funeral of Mrs. Lydia McKinney at Lock Haven last week.

C. P. Walizer and R. J. Fitzpatrick have succeeded in filling their ice houses this week during the cold wave, while others have partly filled theirs.

A special train containing railroad officials for inspection passed over the new railroad on Monday.

Miss Jessie McEntire is at present visiting with her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Meek in State College.

John Anderson, of A. L. Anderson & Bros., departed on Wednesday for Hagerstown, Md., where he has secured the one-third of a 40-mile railroad contract.

Mrs. Charles Candy, of Tyrone, visited on Monday with her sister, Mrs. J. S. Holter.

Walter Harter was a visitor in Eagleville on Sunday at the home of his brother, Harry.

The railroad company had the measurements taken at our depot on Friday and the indications are that we will soon have electric light in that building.

Harry Diehl was a visitor in Beech Creek over Sunday.

G. L. Williams, who is traveling for the Curtis Publishing Co., is spending a few days with his family here.

Mrs. Anna Harvey is again acting "The Girl Behind the Counter" at the C. H. Lucas restaurant on account of his absence on a visit to Gallitzen, where he will probably go into business.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kane, of Zion, and Mrs. Mary Kane, of Bryn Mawr, visited over Sunday with their sister, Miss Annie.

George Smith, of Osceola Mills, visited his mother, Mrs. Anna Smith, on Black Street, over Sunday.

John B. Holter, who is employed on the construction gang of the N. Y. C. R. R., spent Sunday with his family.

Veterinarian Frank Oldring made a business trip to Jersey Shore on Monday of this week.

Liveryman John M. Robb was a business visitor in Bellefonte on Sunday at the hospital where his wife is under treatment.

It is learned that Leathers Bros., opened an office in Altoona recently, and these hustling real estate dealers will soon have one of their deals well under way in the Mountain City.

Milford Myers moved his household goods last week to Avis where he is employed by the N. Y. C. R. R. Co. as a fireman.

Mrs. Kifter, of Galeton, Pa., is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Bulkley.

Miss Reby Calhoun, of Unionville, is visiting among some of her friends here this week.

Jesse Leathers made a business trip to Altoona on Tuesday morning.

A. A. Schenck departed on Monday for Pittsburgh where he will attend the Hardware Men's Convention.

The stockholders of the Bald Eagle Telephone Company met in the P. O. S. of A. hall at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning and re-elected the old directors. The number of shares represented was 1400. The members present were H. W. Smith, of Bellefonte; C. W. Cooke and Mr. Bitner, of Beech Creek; N. H. Yearick, of Nittany; W. J. Kurtz and D. W. Holter, of Howard. The directors are: Ellis L. Orvis, C. W. Cooke, Mr. Bitner and W. J. Kurtz.

Axe Mann.

Raymond and Margaret Houser have returned home from the University Hospital at Philadelphia. After being patients at the hospital for ten weeks, they are pronounced cured but still wear plaster paris casts. They were glad to get back home again and surprised to find they had a new baby brother which had arrived while they were away. Raymond and Margaret's little friends were all anxiously waiting at the station for their return home.

Pine Grove Mills.

Have been having zero weather right along.

Clem Fortney, of Altoona, visited his mother on Sunday and found her getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Meek spent last week in the City of Brotherly Love.

Miss Myra Kimport is in New York this week, making her spring selections of ladies' head gear.

Charley Kline, of Scranton, visited his mother, Mrs. Adaline Kline, at State College last week.

Jessie D. White last week attended a New York Life Insurance meeting held at Pittsburgh.

Ice wagons are busy carting 6-inch blocks of the crystal goods.

Mrs. Sallie Bloom and Mrs. R. G. Goheen have been among the sick but both are improving at this writing.

Last Saturday the stork was unusually liberal, leaving a pair of twin boys and a girl at the Alvin Corl home, at White Hall. Mother and babes are getting along nicely.

George C. Meyers, who has been ill from pneumonia, is slowly recovering.

Rev. S. J. Pittinger is holding a protracted meeting at Meek's church, which is being well attended and much interest manifested.

Last Saturday the household goods and home of Mrs. Jerry Dinges was disposed of at public sale. Al Lee was the lucky purchaser of the home at the $1603 mark

Misses Mayme and Ruth Koch are visiting old time friends in and about Millheim this week, to be gone ten days.

Edwin Rupp, of Altoona, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Rupp, last week.

David Stewart, of Pittsburgh, was a visitor last week among his former Centre County friends.

After an all summer stay at Sterling, N. Y., Daniel Mothersbaugh returned home last week. There is no place like home.

George Kellar last week turned his large woolen mills concern over to his son and has embarked in the livery business, having purchased the Evey livery outfit at State College.

The tick of the wire brings the sad intelligence of the death of Fay Livingston, who passed away on Sunday over in Kamloop, British Columbia. Miss Ella Livingston, teacher of the primary school, left Monday morning to bring his body home. Burial will take place at Manor Hill, Huntingdon Co., as soon as the body arrives. He was the son of James and Mary Livingston, and was 32 years of age. The following brothers and sisters survive: Mrs. Maud Randolph and Ella Livingston of Pine Grove Mills; Mrs. Miller, of North Dakota; Edward, in the west; Bubb of Tyrone; Bertha of New Jersey.

Our genial, clever and obliging miller, J. H. Meyers, not only grinds the flour but takes it fresh off the burrs. The housewives all praise his excellent big loaves.

Col. J. R. Lemon last week made a mis-step, falling from Gatesburg's Wanamaker store porch to the frozen ground and sustaining some painful bruises. He is now recovering.

For the first time in half a century Uncle Jos Johnson, of Keokuk, Iowa, is visiting the home of his birth, at the Everhart home on the Branch. He first saw the light of day in the old mansion which is now being repaired. He is quite brisk and sprightly for one of his years.

Miss Annabell Bowes, of Mill Hall, last week was a welcome visitor at the Milton Shuey home. The Bowes family were formerly residents of East Ferguson township and strange to say this is her first visit in more than a quarter of a century. In that time many of her old acquaintances have changed places and passed over the Great Divide.

Rev. Ira S. Sasserman, pastor of the State College Lutheran church, last week received and accepted a call from the Turtle Creek congregation. On Sunday he gave notice to his flock to that effect and will preach his farewell sermon on Sunday, February 23, at 7 P. M., in the Grace church. For some time the curbstone gossip reported his going away, but as the relations existing between Mr. Sasserman and his congregation were so pleasant and his pastorial work was moving along so splendidly but few folks gave the matter serious attention. Mr. Sasserman is a fine pulpit orator and sermonizer and his religion is thoroughly interwoven in his nature. All regret to see him leave and hope that our loss is his gain.

Woman vs. Woman.

At the instance of Mrs. Charles Rhoads, Mrs. Lillie Risk was several days ago held under $300 bail for court, the charge against her being the making of threats and breach of the peace. It was alleged by Mrs. Rhoads that Mrs. Risk had made threatening and other unpleasant remarks and that on February 5th she was attacked by her while in Lyon & Co.'s store. The warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Risk was served by Policeman Beezer. The latter stated that he met Mrs. Risk while in Shuey's store and that when he tried to read the warrant she grabbed it and tried to tear it to pieces. Mrs. Risk waived a hearing before Squire Brown and entered bond for her appearance at February court.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours. Used by mothers for 22 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Mt. Eagle.

The railroad company last week put the bridge in place over the subway below town.

Mrs. J. R. Pheasant was a Bellefonte shopper last Thursday.

Mrs. Arch Bathurst and children spent Wednesday in Howard with the former's mother, Mrs. James Hayes.

Miss Florence Leathers spent the latter part of last week in Williamsport, greeting friends and doing some shopping.

Miss Myrtle Robison went up to Curtin last Thursday to help care for a friend who is ill.

Fred Leathers, of Howard, was a visitor here between trains a day or two ago. He was looking after the interests of the stock farm.

Rolland McCartney last week loaded a car of mine props for the soft coal region.

John Thomas made a business trip to Curtin last Friday.

Justice Leathers was a Tyrone visitor on Friday.

Al. Strickland several days ago visited in Howard with his mother, Mrs. Jefferson McCallion.

Misses Stella and Mabel Bathurst visited with friends in Howard on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs Jesse Fox, of Mill Hall, spent Sunday with the latter's brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. George Hiram.

Dr. W. J. Kurtz, of Howard, was in town looking after the sick a day or two ago.

Miss Ida Daughenbaugh, of Howard, spent Sunday with her brother, Hays, and his family.

S. B. Leathers, who has been ill for some time, is gradually becoming weaker, we regret to note.

Saturday was the fourteenth birthday anniversary of Lester, son of Theodore Leathers, and a number of his young friends, some of whom were from Curtin, gave him a pleasant surprise at his home. Those who were present included his aunt, Mrs. O. C. Bryan and her daughter, Miss Hilda, Mildred Glenn, Louise Crossmyer, Madaline Gingher, Mary Crossmyer, Paul Gingher, Laird Bathurst, Clair Prince, Mac Bryan, Leonard Glenn and Robert Reeder. All had a most delightful time and departed for their respective homes wishing Lester many happy returns.

Fowler.

Miss Beulah Beckwith and aunt, of Tyrone, were guests of Thomas Beckwith for a few days.

George Walk recently entertained friends from Altoona.

Alonza Nearhoof spent Sunday in Bellefonte with his lady friend.

Mrs. W. W. Laird and son, of Bellefonte, have returned home after two weeks' visit with relatives here.

Frank Walk made a business trip to Tyrone on Saturday.

D. O. Downing entertained friends from Martinsburg recently.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lego have returned from Florida. They think the climate fine, also the fruits. It is surely all it is represented to be.

On Saturday, February 22, there will be a chicken and waffle supper held at the Markowitz place, better known as the Fowler farm. All are invited. Proceeds to go to the Port Maltilda Grange.

Unionville.

Mrs. George Hosband has been very ill for three or four days, but is better at this writing, we are glad to relate.

Mrs. Laura Kephart Barton has returned from Philadelphia, where she was in a hospital of that place. She is very much reduced in flesh but is improving.

The veteran Thomas Sensor spent a few days with his brother, Frederick Sensor, of this place. These men are both veterans of the Civil war and are wished a long and prosperous life.

Our farmers have been laying in an ample supply of ice for next summer. This is the first ice that has been cut here this winter.

Mrs. Theodore Harper has been very ill for some time, but is improving. Her friends hope for her a speedy recovery.

Blanchard.

Fine, clear ice is being harvested this week. There has been a rush each day to cut and store ice.

The body of Allen B. Teitworth, who died at Emporium, was brought to Beech Creek on Saturday, where it was met by Undertaker Edwin Bechdel and relatives of the child. Interment was made in the Disciple cemetery. Allen was a son of Mrs. Carrie Teitworth and was aged 5 years and 7 months. He had been frail from birth. Mrs. Teitworth is a daughter of Lorenzo Monsell. She resides at Emporium.

Gray Winslow, who is located at Bellwood, visited over Sunday here with his mother, Mrs. Levina Winslow.

Justice of the Peace and Mrs. J. S. Hall, of Beech Creek, were in Howard on Tuesday for the funeral of the late Miss Ella Hall. The latter taught school here probably twenty-five years ago.

Michael Sennet Dead.

Death claimed another Civil war veteran when Michael Sennet passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Reesner, on Purdue mountain, on Wednesday of last week. Deceased was a life-long resident of near Runville. During the Civil war he served as a member of Company A, Forty-ninth Regiment, Penna. Vols. At the time of his death he was aged about 70 years. Funeral services were held on Saturday interment being made in the Advent cemetery.

Don't Get All Run Down.

Weak and miserable. If you have kidney or bladder trouble, headache, pains in the back, and feel tired all over and want a pleasant herb remedy, try Mother Gray's Aromatic-Leaf. As a tonic, laxative it has no equal. All Druggists, 50c. Ask today. Sample free. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Captain John Harnish Dead.

John M. Harnish, of Snow Shoe Intersection and one of Centre county's oldest residents, died at his home Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock of old age. He was born December 31, 1831, in Bald Eagle valley, and in the same township he was actively identified with its interests, and was recognized as one of the progressive and respective citizens of the community. At death he was 81 years, 1 month and 8 days old.

He obtained his education in the public schools of his county, and at the age of fifteen years began to earn his own livelihood by working at odd jobs. Five years later he entered upon an apprenticeship to a millwright, a trade he soon mastered. On April 7, 1859, he was married to Miss Elizabeth A. Gowar, and they became the parents of eighteen children, nine sons and nine daughters.

During the dark days of the Rebellion, Mr. Harnish in 1861, enlisted in Company F, 56th P. V. I. After serving for two years he re-enlisted and remained in the service for three years and six months, or until hostilities had ceased, when he was honorably discharged. For gallant and faithful service he was promoted to the rank of captain, which position he was filling when discharged near Washington, D. C. The regiment was disbanded at Philadelphia on July 1st, 1863. At the battle of Gettysburg he was shot through the right arm. He participated in the following engagements: Rappahannock, Sulphur Springs, Jonesville, Groveton, Manasser, South Mountain, Md., Antietam, Md.; Union, Va., Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, Beverly Ford, Mine Run, Wilderness, North Anna, Spottsylvania, Coed Harbor, Weldon, Petersburg, Chapel House, Hutchens Run, and Dobney's Mills. After the war was over he returned to private life at Snow Shoe Intersection and conducted a store and post office, of which he was postmaster for over 28 years. His first wife preceded him to the grave 12 years ago. In politics he was a Republican. On December 13, 1904, he was married the second time to Ella E. Wagner, of Snow Shoe Intersection. He was a faithful and good father and will be missed by the many people who came in contact with him. Surviving to mourn his death are his wife and the following children: Mrs. Clara E. Iddings and Marcella at home; Mrs. William V. Becker, at Harrisburg; John T. Harnish, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. Harry Wilson, of Coatesville; Mrs. Frank Simmons, of Compol, Colorado; Mrs. James Haines, of Milesburg; Mrs. Edward Stonebraker, Martin Harnish, and Charley Harnish, of Tyrone.

Funeral services were held at the late home on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, in charge of Rev. John Zeigler. Interment at Stover's cemetery.

James H. Speer Dead.

On last Friday James H. Speer, brother of the late William T. Speer, of Bellefonte, died at Abilene, Kansas, after a short illness. He visited Bellefonte several times, and those who met him will remember his genial ways and kindly disposition. He was preceded to the grave by his wife and only two children. He was a contractor and builder, and a very prominent citizen of the west. He was liberal to every good work, and an instance of his liberality is portayed in the following instance. Several years after Oklahoma was opened he had thirty-five men working for him at Guthrie. While there a tornado blew down the Methodist church. The members were not in financial condition to put it back so Mr. Speer put his men to work and in a week they had the building ready for worship. For the work he did not charge the congregrtion a cent. Afterwards a church that cost $25,000 was erected on the site and Mr. Speer has his name inscribed on a large bronze tablet as one of its first trustees. He served through the war of the Rebellion in the Pennsylvania Volunteers in the signal corps. The deceased was 74 years of age and is survived by two brothers: Hon. David Speer, of Chambersburg, who preached several times in the Bellefonte Methodist church, and Marcus, of Oregon. The funeral took place in Abilene on Sunday afternoon from the Methodist church, of which he was a consistent member.

A Guaranteed Blood Remedy.

If your blood is out of order, now is the time to use a remedy. Upon the blood depends the nourishment and health of every organ of the body and, to a large extent, the removing of waste matter; therefore, upon the health of the blood depends the general bodily health. Whenever the blood is out of order, serious trouble is pretty likely to result.

Don't wait until next spring before taking a blood remedy—if you need one, take it now. In this connection, we respectfully recommend to you Rexall Blood Tablets. Not only are they in a very convenient form to take, but they are especially good in all cases of blood imperfections and in ailing conditions that arise from impure and weak blood. Don't delay, but begin the proper treatment now.

If Rexall Blood Tablets do not help effect an improvement in your general condition, tell us, and we'll give your money back. Price, 50cents. Sold in this community only at our store. The Rexall Store.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Miss Ella Hall Dead.

Miss S. Ella Hall, one of Howard's most estimable ladies, passed away at her home in that place Sunday morning following an illness of about five weeks from grip which terminated in pneumonia. Miss Hall was born near Howard on June 10, 1851, making her age 61 years, 7 months and 29 days. She had been a lifelong resident of Howard. For some years she taught in the public schools and since the appointment of her brother as postmaster at Howard she had been his assistant, which position she filled in a very capable manner. Since childhood she had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and active in all departments of church work. She was also a member of the church choir. Her place in the church and social and business life will be sadly missed. Surviving her are three sisters, Susan Hall, Mrs. Mary Pletcher and Mrs. Leah Pletcher, all of Howard, and one brother, Wilbur F. Hall, postmaster at Howard. Funeral services were conducted at her late home Tuesday afternoon by her pastor Rev. James E. Duning and interment made in the Schenck cemetery.

Mrs. Matilda Hensbey Dead.

At the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. M. Baldrige, at Bellwood, Mrs. Matilda Henshey died about 8 o'clock Monday morning of a complication of diseases from which she had been a patient sufferer for a long time, her serious illness having begun about two months ago. She was a daughter of Joshua and Judith Ginter Meadville and was born at Pennsylvania Furnace, November 11, 1836. On December 12, 1872, she was united in marriage to John Henshey, who almost four years ago passed away. Surviving are two sons and four daughters: David, of Cleveland, Ohio; John, of Altoona; Mrs. Alfred Calloway, of Indiana; Mrs. G. B. Garber, of Petersburg; Mrs. H. C. Cornmesser and Mrs. C. M. Baldrige, of Bellwood. One sister and two brothers survive: Miss Ruth Meadville, of Harrisburg; Graham M. Meadville, former sheriff of Blair county, now of Letitia, Okla.; John Meadville, of Bellwood.

Mrs. Elizabeth Osewalt Dead.

Mrs. Elizabeth Osewalt, died on Saturday evening at 6.45 o'clock at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Southards, at Philipsburg, after an illness of a couple of weeks of pneumonia and the infirmities of old age. The deceased was born in Penn's Valley, October 5, 1828, being at the time of her death 84 years, 4 months and 3 days old. Her maiden name was Sarvoy. She was married to Reuben Osewalt, who was a soldier of the Civil war, belonging to the 56th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, and who preceded her to the grave twenty-one years ago. For about forty years she had resided in Philipsburg. The following sons and daughters survive: William and John, of Point Lookout; Samuel, of Ehrenfeld, and Ellis, of Osceola; Mrs. Mary Herman, of Lock Lomond and Mrs. William Southards, of Philipsburg. There are also fifty-seven grandchildren and thirty-seven great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Emma Stark Dead.

Mrs. Emma Stark, a well known resident of Sugar Valley, died from a complication of diseases on Sunday, last. She was aged 60 years. Funeral services were held at Green Grove chapel on Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock. Interment was made in the cemetery at that place.

Miss Sadie Quay Dead.

Miss Sadie Quay died on Sunday morning at 3 o'clock at her late home in Beech Creek township, her death being due to a complication of diseases. Funeral services were held on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, interment being made in the Fearon cemetery.

Penny-A-Word Column.

FOR RENT—Farm. Inquire of James I. Thompson, Lemont, Pa.

LOST—3 shoats; 2 marked with slit in ear. Inqure J. M. Lykens, Benore, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT—One and one-fourth miles West of Unionville, on along Tyrone Road. Inquire of B. W. Shipley, Fleming, Pa. 1-9-4t.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free packages Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good pay. All or spare time. No money needed. Department P. 7, 3422 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Stetson Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Black mare, six years old; weight about 900; drive single or double; good under saddle.

T. F. Lons,
Bellefonte, R. F. D. No. 2.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man is an unhappy slave. Burdock Blood Bitters builds up sound health— keeps you well.—Advt.

DREER'S Seeds Plants Bulbs

The seeds you sow make your garden a success—or a failure.

• With Dreer's Dependable Seeds you are assured of success, because they are the result of seventy-five years of experimenting and testing by experts. Only what experience has proved to be the *best* are offered.

Dreer's Diamond Jubilee Garden Book for 1913 contains cultural articles written by experts. It lists every dependable flower and vegetable, has 288 pages with photo-reproductions on every page, four beautiful color plates and six duotone plates.

Call or write for a Copy—free

Henry A. Dreer, 714 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

LOOK!

HERE'S A BARGAIN IN MACHINERY

1 Second-Hand 25-horse power steam engine; mounted on boiler; in first class condition; sell cheap.

1 Second-hand 2-horse power gasoline engine; first class condition.

Garbrick Bros.

Opposite Big Spring
Commercial Phone—Bell Phone, 2075
Bellefonte, - - - - Pa.

PRAYER BROUGHT FOOD

Mother and Children Had Gone to Bed Without Having Eaten All Day.

The Altoona Tribune says that after she and her children had gone to bed without any food having passed their lips all day, a woman on the outskirts of the city, arose from her sleepless bed at 1 o'clock last Friday morning, and prayed that some food would be sent to the children. Suddenly, about 9 o'clock the thought came into the head of one of the little girls that the Salvation Army might administer relief. The woman, who had never before been forced to ask for aid, visited the industrial home and was referred to the spiritual and relief department. She did not tell how pressing the case was, and it was 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon before Adjutant Melvin Calhoun went out by trolley to investigate the trouble. Neither the woman nor the several children had eaten a bite in the two days. This he learned when he was walking to the house, having been met at the car by one of the girls. They passed a grocery store, where he stopped long enough to secure a supply of provisions. Then he went to the house and saw the starving family devour the long-needed victual.

It was not until last week that the family had ever been in need. The father, who brought his household here only a month or so ago, suddenly found himself out of work, and went to Pittsburg, where he obtained a job. It is still a couple of weeks until his pay day, and neither he nor his family has any funds. He is said to be a worthy man, but did not know the serious straits in which his family had become involved. Because of her short residence here, the mother does not seem to have met with any success in her attempts to secure credit and Monday morning found the household with neither food nor money.

Joshua Lewis Dead.

On Thursday morning of last week Joshua Lewis, a highly respected citizen of Bald Eagle valley, went to the barn to do his morning feeding when he became suddenly ill with heart failure and passed away before help arrived. He was found in the barn about eight o'clock, death having overtaken him while in the act of passing the morning feed to his cattle. Joshua Lewis came from old pioneer stock in Bald Eagle valley. His father and mother, John and Sarah Lewis, were among the early settlers of that community. Deceased was born on the great national birthday, July 4, fifty-nine years ago. His early boyhood and young manhood days were spent in the valley. About twenty-five years ago he went to Tyrone and worked in the local railroad shops as a machinist. Three years of his life were spent in Johnstown.

On April 28, 1876, he was united in marriage to Susanna Stewart, who preceded him to the grave about five years ago. Surviving to mourn his death are the following children: Mrs. G. W. Deffenbaugh, of Johnstown; Mrs. Lemon Croyle, of Johnstown; Mrs. Edward Hand, of Tyrone; Clarence Lewis, of Johnstown; Emory Lewis, of Johnstown. He is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: James, David, and Miss Anna Lewis, of Bald Eagle.

The funeral services were conducted in the Methodist Episcopal church at Bald Eagle on Sunday morning at ten o'clock by Rev. E. G. Sawyer, pastor of the United Brethren church of Tyrone. Interment was made at Bald Eagle.

12 Years for Arson.

Twelve years in the penitentiary, with a possibility of having that term cut eighteen months through good behavior and the new parole law, was the sentence imposed upon Charles Abrams, formerly of Cambria county, the Sommerville fire bug, by Judge John W. Reed, sitting in Brookville court to hear argument why a new trial should be granted to the man who was found guilty of arson by a jury recently.

Abrams sat in court and heard the sentence with but little show of emotion. His father was with him at the time and announced that an appeal to a higher court would be made before the law is permitted to take its course.

Abrams was charged with having fired his store at Sommerville, causing damage amounting to $35,000. It was shown in the testimony that he set fire to inflammable goods in his store and then locked the doors and left the town. Deputy State Fire Warden Harry W. Seanor of Indiana prosecuted the case.

Sleep Walker Burned.

While walking in his sleep early Monday morning, Edward Zimmerman, of Burnside, near Shamokin, detached a stove pipe from the heater and perched himself on top of the stove. His hips and legs were badly burned and he is in a critical conditions. Eight years ago he crawled into the drum of a hoisting engine at Burnside shaft and when the engineer lowered a cage, the drum made 180 revolutions a minute with Zimmerman inside. His clothing was torn from him and he was so badly injured that he lay for a week at the point of death.

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Higby's Last Cure

It Was the Successful One

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mr. Higby threw aside the evening newspaper and folded his arms across his breast. "Anastasia," he said resolutely, "I've struck the very thing at last!"

His wife looked up from her needlework. "What is it now, Henry?"

"A cure for my rheumatism," he announced triumphantly.

"I didn't know you had rheumatism, Henry."

"I have had it lately; a stiffening of the joints and a general disinclination to move around much."

"Humph!" ejaculated his wife skeptically. "You've been jumping up and down all the evening, Henry, and this is the first grunt I've heard out of you. Maybe it's growing pains."

Mr. Higby arose painfully from his chair and with bent back proceeded to limp slowly from the room. Anastasia's kind eyes followed his progress with mingled tears and laughter in their depths. At last pity and love triumphed, and she arose and went to him.

"Forgive me, Henry, for being so cross! Do come back and tell me what I can do to relieve you," she said with her cheek against his.

Sunny hearted Henry Higby turned a beaming face to hers and forgivingly kissed her on the brow. He permitted her to lead him back to his comfortable morris chair and to pile several pillows at his back.

"Now, tell me what new cure you have found, dear?" she said, sitting down to her embroidery once more.

"I've just read about it in this paper," explained Mr. Higby enthusiastically, forgetting to groan as he crossed his legs comfortably. "It's a simple cure, and that is what appeals to me. It costs absolutely nothing save a few pine boards and half a day's work. Living in the suburbs as we do the trees are already provided for the purpose."

"What trees?" asked Anastasia curiously.

"The trees for the cure. You see it is this way: Some scientist has figured that the outer air is the natural atmosphere for man to breathe. He says if animals can sleep in the open—that is, if some can make their homes in damp and oozy spots without contracting rheumatism and kindred diseases, if others can sleep in cold caves on rocky floors without dire results; if birds can nest in the trees without catching cold from the rains that beat in, why should not man who was made to live and breathe the pure air of out of doors, why should not rheumatic man sleep out in the open and cure his ills? Great idea, isn't it?"

"Grand!" agreed Anastasia without enthusiasm.

"I'm going to try it."

"What are you going to be, an animal in an oozy swamp or a bird in a tree?" she asked.

"I suppose you've heard of the German mud baths for rheumatism?"

"Yes."

"Then the idea of the oozy swamp is not farfetched. I expect to try the tree cure."

"You're going to build a nest?" she asked, incredulity struggling with amusement.

"Of course not. One has to exercise common sense in such matters. I shall modify the idea, of course. I shall build a platform between those four tall chestnuts—say about forty feet above ground. I shall have a strong wire fence all about it and place a cot there."

"You will not only lose your rheumatism, but all your other ills, Henry, and you will sleep thereafter in the cemetery on the hillside," asserted his wife dryly.

"Fiddlesticks!" laughed Mr. Higby with great good humor. "You said the same thing when I tried the fish diet for nervousness. You thought I would develop fins and get to swimming in the bay until somebody caught me with a mummy club and made me into a chowder. Why, you had the table all set for a chowder dinner, with me as the chief ingredient. Eh, Anastasia?" He tweaked his wife's ear playfully and made for the door. "I guess I'll telephone down to Flake's house and ask him to send up some lumber from the mill in the morning."

Quite forgetful of his rheumatism, Mr. Higby went into the hall and shut himself into the telephone booth.

Anastasia laid aside her needlework and closed her eyes. She was tired of her husband's many fancied illnesses and she was startled at the rapidity with which one disease followed another. And yet, and yet, as an actual fact Henry Higby had never had a day's real sickness in the twelve years they had been married.

As for his imaginary ailments—well there had always been for a standby the grip, then neuralgia of head and heart, asthma, bronchitis, tuberculosis, insomnia, pains and sprains, symptoms of whatever disease was the fad of the moment, and he had had more attacks of appendicitis than all the other citizens of his suburban town put together.

He had just recovered from an attack of appendicitis and had only spent two days at his often neglected business when rheumatism stared him in the face.

Anastasia sighed as she thought of the fuss and bother that must attend Henry's adoption of a new sleeping place. He had slept all over the house in the past. From attic to cellar every room had known his restless slumbers, and last summer he had slept on the front piazza until he was startled one night by awakening to discover a tall, gaunt framed woman standing over him with a small lantern held close to his face.

"It's only you, is it?" she had said contemptuously and passed into the house. The next morning Mr. Higby discharged Bridget for impertinence and the following day found a new domestic installed in the kitchen, one who was not given to nocturnal wanderings.

The next few days witnessed a busy period in Mr. Higby's existence. Assisted by a carpenter he constructed a square platform between the four chestnuts in the large back yard. When it was all completed and a comfortable cot bed within the wire inclosure, Mr. Higby invited his neighbors to inspect the innovation.

Of course it wasn't right. Captain Fletcher said that the platform should have been lashed to the trees, not nailed. "First strong breeze we have will wrench your timbers apart," he warned.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Higby jovially. "Fiddlesticks," he said to somebody else, and "Piffle," he remarked to a third critic. Then he went into the house and made preparations for his ascent to his nest.

Mrs. Higby tearfully prepared a basket of extra bedclothing. "You will catch your death of cold, Henry," she murmured. "And suppose you should fall out, why, you'd be killed. At any rate, you'd break every bone in your body."

"Fiddlesticks," was Mr. Higby's hackneyed response.

"You're tempting Providence," flashed Anastasia at last. "There isn't a thing the matter with you, Henry, but there will be before you get through with this business. I wish you wouldn't go."

"Never mind, my dear," assured Mr. Higby with the gentle patience of one who knows he is right. "You will understand some day how it is with me."

Behind closed blinds many curious eyes watched Mr. Higby's lantern as it slowly ascended the long ladder that led up to his lofty perch. The lantern swung in his hand as he steadied himself on the ladder. A strong wind was rising and the trees were swaying with a low musical creak of boughs. Up on the dizzy height of the platform he pulled manfully on the rope to which the basket of extra bedding was fastened and presently the basket loomed over the railing and was deposited on the floor.

Before long Henry Higby had taken the second step in his projected cure for rheumatism. He had slipped out of his bathrobe and slippers and jumped into the little cot, which was clamped down to the platform. For a long time he lay awake looking up at the stars, which shone down through the young foliage of the trees, for it was early spring. He saw the white clouds go drifting across the face of the moon. He felt the rhythmical swing of the trees as they bent to the freshening wind, and finally he fell asleep.

He slumbered, only to awaken to a moment of supreme terror when it seemed that the bottom had dropped out of the universe and he was being propelled through nothingness to oblivion. He was conscious that he struck the soft branches of trees in his downward passage, and then something hard rose to meet him and blot out his sense of pain.

When he awoke from this second sleep he was not swinging in his nest among the treetops, with the stars roofed over his head. He was in his own stationary bed on the second floor of his home. Two physicians regarded him speculatively, while Anastasia hung, pale and anxious eyed, close to his pillow.

"What happened?" he asked feebly.

"The wind was so strong that the trees pulled the platform apart, and you fell to the ground," said Dr. Brown cheerily. "We'll have you up and around in a few months."

"A few months!" gasped Higby. "Why, what's the matter with me? I can't move."

"Of course you can't," said Dr. Jones bluffly. "You've only broken three ribs, fractured your left leg, broken your right wrist and wrenched your back. What in thunderation were you doing up there, eh?"

"It was a cure for rheumatism," said Mr. Higby, with diffidence.

"Well, you cured the rheumatism, all right," assured the doctor; "but, man alive, you've got enough now to take care of for awhile! No need to warn you to keep quiet."

When they were alone Higby exchanged a look with his wife, and his own eyes were repentant.

"I'm an idiot, Anastasia!" he blurted out. "It's too bad I didn't break my fool neck as well as the other bones!"

But Anastasia assured him that the enforced rest would benefit him and that when his broken parts had been knit together he would probably enjoy perfect health. "I hope you will, dear," said Anastasia slowly. "Life is too short to fuss over imaginary ills"—

"I know, I know," put in Henry Higby hastily. "I had to break every bone in my body to cure myself. But I'm cured now, Anastasia. Where's that 'Family Doctor?'"

"It is burning in the kitchen stove this very moment," said Anastasia firmly.

"Good!" said Higby, turning his face to the wall.

How Gold Pens Are Made.

Metallic iridium, used so extensively for the points of gold pens, is made from the powder obtained in the wet way from platinum ore by heating to a high heat in a sand crucible and then adding stick phosphorus. The iridium, which cannot be melted alone, is thus fused in the form of an iridium phosphide. To remove the phosphorus the phosphide is heated with lime, and the iridium is left in the form of a hard white mass. It is now so hard that it cannot be filed or cut and is broken up into small pieces for soldering to the points of gold pens. These small pieces are ground to the right size on a copper disk wheel with emery or carborundum. It is said that an ounce of iridium will make from 5,000 to 10,000 pen points. It has also been found that the iridium thus prepared is practically as hard as the ruby. No steel tools can make any impression upon it. At one time much less expensive than platinum, iridium now is worth more on account of the demand for hard platinum, in which the iridium is the hardening agent.—New York Press.

Furniture Casters.

Many furniture casters are made of leather, disks of the required size being cut out and cemented and compressed to form the wheel. The wheel is then put into a lathe and turned rounding on its face. Disks of metal are clamped on each side of the wheel to serve as bearings for the axle that runs through the wheel. Such casters are made for use on hardwood floors. Casters of compressed felt are also designed for this purpose. Among other styles of casters may be mentioned those of glass, designed to serve for purposes of insulation, and ball bearing casters, one style showing no wheel, but instead a ball which, when the furniture is moved, revolves on a circle of smaller balls within the caster fitting. Then, too, there are caster wheels made of porcelain and of rubber, of lignum vitae and other hard woods. Great numbers of casters are of iron and brass.—Exchange.

Corrected In Rime.

Thackeray was much pestered by the autograph hunter, says Hodder in his "Recollections." He disliked above all things to write in an autograph album and often refused those who asked him to do so, sometimes rather brusquely.

On one occasion the owner of an album, a young lady, was fortunate. Thackeray took her book to his room in order to look it over. Written on a page he found these lines:

Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains.
They crowned him long ago,
But who they got to put it on
Nobody seems to know.
ALBERT SMITH.

Under these lines Mr. Thackeray wrote:

A HUMBLE SUGGESTION.
I know that Albert wrote in hurry—
To criticise I scarce presume—
But yet methinks that Lindley Murray
Instead of "who" had written "whom."
W. M. THACKERAY.

Expanding the Inspiration.

"Isn't inspiration a queer thing?"

"I suppose so. What about it?"

"Why, a few weeks ago I had a red hot squabble with my wife over a dressmaker's bill, and when I came down to the office I was mad enough to chew spikes. Then I sat down at my desk and wrote a little poem on 'Help the Erring Brother With a Single Kindly Word.' And, say, those verses, born in bitterness and nourished by anger, have been copied in the leading newspapers all over the country. How's that?"

"Fine. Why don't you improve on the idea?"

"How?"

"Why, get mad enough to beat up your wife, set fire to the house, shoot a policeman and then write an epic that will go thundering down the ages."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Parnell's Apology.

Mr. Parnell, on April 16, 1878, characterized a statement made by Henry James as "a legal quibble" worthy of the honorable and learned member from whom it proceeded.

"I must inform the honorable member," said the speaker, "that an expression of that kind is unwarrantable and must be withdrawn."

Mr. Parnell apologized for having used the expression. "I will say," he added, "that the statement was more worthy of the ingenuity of a petty sessions attorney than of a lawyer of the ability of the honorable and learned gentleman."

Disconcerting.

"What does this nation need?" shouted the impassioned orator. "What does this nation require, if she steps proudly across the Pacific, if she strides boldly across the Pacific, if she strides boldly across the mighty ocean in her march of trade and freedom? I repeat what does she need?"

"Rubber boots," suggested the grossly materialistic person in a rear seat.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Kicker.

"I have just discovered why it is customary to baste a turkey," said the man who thinks the world is against him.

"To improve the flavor, of course."

"No. It's to make it as slippery as possible when I come to carve it."—Washington Star.

Hospitable.

"Well, did New York appeal to you?"

"Yes. It was 'welcome' when I came and 'well done' when I went."—Cornell Widow.

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Complained of Lime Rates.

The rate charges of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, as regards the transportation of lime, are perplexing to S. H. Dean, of Williamsburg. He writes to the State Railroad Commission to the effect that a rate of 70 cents is assessed on lime consigned to farmers, while lime from the same kiln, consigned to paper mills, is rated at 40 cents. The explanation given by the railroad company was that the lime used by the mill is chemical lime, while that used by the farmer is designated as agricultural lime.

Why Salves Can't Cure Eczema

Since the old-fashioned theory of curing eczema through the blood has been given up by scientists, many different salves have been tried for skin diseases. But it has been found that these salves only clog the pores and cannot penetrate to the inner skin below the epidermis where the eczema germs are lodged.

This—the quality of penetrating—probably explains the tremendous success of the well known liquid eczema remedy, oil of wintergreen, thymol, glycerine, etc., as compounded in D.D.D. Prescription.

We have sold other remedies for skin troubles but none that we can recommend as highly as this for we know that D.D.D. stops the itch at once. We just want you to give D.D.D. a trial. That will be enough to prove it.

Of course all other druggists have D.D.D. Prescription—go to them if you can't come to us—but don't accept some big profit substitute.

But if you come to our store, we are so certain of what D.D.D. will do for you that we offer you a full size bottle on this guarantee:—If you do not find that it takes away the itch AT ONCE, it costs you not a cent.

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His Last Stake

A Story of Monte Carlo

By EDITH V. ROSS

Peter Orloff was a young Russian who inherited an estate and 200,000 rubles, into the possession of which he entered when he was twenty-one years old. He concluded before settling down on the estate to take 5,000 rubles and visit Rome, Berlin, Paris and other continental cities. So as soon as he had arranged his affairs for his absence he started for Berlin, from whence he went to Rome, then Naples, where he sailed for Genoa, and a short time after his arrival at that port was in the attractive winter resort, Nice.

He had left behind him a fiancee, Sonia, the daughter of a neighbor, and long before the time set for his return he felt inclined to go home. But his betrothed was spending some time in St. Petersburg, and if he went home he would find her absent. He felt that it would be better to remain away for the appointed term, at the end of which the wedding was to take place. Therefore, tiring of Nice, he concluded to run down to Monte Carlo.

On the evening of his arrival he dined, then sauntered over to the pavilion where gambling was going on. At that hour but few persons were playing, and there was little to interest him. He felt bored. He had a mind to go back to Russia. He would find Sonia at St. Petersburg and might enjoy himself there with her far better than spending his time alone in foreign lands. He came to a resolution to start on his return trip the next morning. This would give him but one evening to get away with.

He asked one of the croupiers at the gambling table at what hour the play would be in full swing and was told it would not be for another hour. To pass the interval he concluded to bet a few francs. He covered several of the numbers and won on two and lost on one. He repeated the bets and again won more than he lost. When he had gained on his third bet he began to be interested.

At 10 o'clock he had quite a pile of winnings before him. He looked up from it to the faces about him and saw that while he had been playing the throng had been gathering. So intent had he been on the game that he had not noticed their coming. He counted his winnings and found enough to pay his expenses to St. Petersburg and keep him there till it would be time to return to his home and the wedding.

Then it occurred to him that it would be nice to win enough more to buy a present to take with him for Sonia. He would go by way of Paris and doubtless see many pretty things there from which he might select something to please his betrothed. He laid 10 francs on the table and won. Then he lost. After that he won quite a good deal, when he struck bad luck and lost nearly every bet he made. At 2 o'clock in the morning he had lost all the ready money he had with him.

The next morning instead of starting for home he drew 1,000 francs on his letter of credit and went to the gambling pavilion to recoup. He played all day and when evening came had won back his losses to within 20 francs. Then another streak of bad luck struck him, and by midnight he had lost the 1,000 francs he had drawn in the morning.

Within a few days Orloff had sunk what remained of the 5,000 rubles he had put aside for his journey and had drawn on his funds at home for 100,000 more. With this acquisition he won and lost considerable, for he played high. Week after week passed while he was seen constantly at the gaming table.

Meanwhile the time for his return and his wedding came round, and he did not appear to claim his bride. He wrote her that he would be unavoidably detained. Not having the heart to give the real reason, he said that he was ill and that his doctor had advised his remaining in the genial climate of the Riviera till spring had appeared in Russia. In order that his sweetheart might not know that he was at Monte Carlo and suspect the true cause of his lingering abroad, he sent his letters to Nice for mailing.

Sonia was naturally very much troubled. Had she any one to attend her she would have gone at once to Nice. It would not be considered proper for her to go alone to join her lover, so for awhile she waited, hoping that his health would improve and his doctor would consent to his return to Russia.

Then one day she heard that Peter had been making heavy drafts on his funds at home and had mortgaged his estate. She delayed no longer, but started at once for the Riviera. These drafts had caused her to suspect that her lover had been caught in the maelstrom of Monte Carlo, and she determined at starting that if she did not find him at Nice she would go at once to the gambling resort.

One night Orloff staggered into the pavilion with 50 francs ($10) in his pocket, the last of all he possessed in the world. He had drawn and lost all the money he had inherited and had mortgaged his estate for all it was worth. He was really ill from disappointment and despair, if from no other cause. After playing a couple of hours, in which he had won and lost, he found himself with two gold napoleons, these being the original $10 with which he had sat down in the beginning of the evening. He placed them on a square which, if it won, would bring him in five times his stake; then, placing his elbows on the table and shading his face with his hands, he waited the loss of his last coins.

He won. Without changing his position he left his winnings ($50) on the same place and won again ($250). A third time he won, and a fourth. He showed no excitement, sitting perfectly still, his hands covering his face, so that it was not plainly visible. When he had four times left his stake and his winnings on the same square and won every time the fact attracted the attention of every one at the table. At the fifth winning all present left off betting, every one watching the pile before him with intense interest. When he had won six times in succession the manager called upon him to take up his winnings, for the bank would not accept the risk another time.

At this juncture a lady appeared at the main entrance to the room and hurried to the table. She approached it on the opposite side to which Orloff was sitting and, hurrying around, laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Peter!"

No reply.

"Peter!"

The gambler sat mute, immovable. The game was stopped. Every eye was turned to him and the lady standing over him. Taking his head in her hands, she raised his face so that the light shone upon it. It was ghastly.

"He is dead!" came from several of those standing about the stable.

The girl gave a shriek and would have fallen on the floor had she not been caught in the arms of a lady beside her.

"A doctor! A doctor!"

A gentleman who had been watching the game advanced to Orloff, who still sat in his chair, held upright by one of the croupiers. A way was made for the gentleman, who took Orloff's wrist between his fingers, then put his hand on his heart.

"It beats faintly," he said.

Meanwhile the girl, who had fainted, revived and, seeing the unconscious figure before her stiff and stark, was about to pass again into a swoon when the lady who held her said to her:

"Courage, my child; he lives."

This enabled the girl to get a new hold upon her faculties and, throwing her arms about Orloff, she pleaded with him to live for her sake. Presently he opened his eyes and, seeing the girl in whose arms he was clasped, said faintly:

"Sonia!"

Orloff was carried from the pavilion, Sonia walking or staggering, supported by another, beside him. The two were then driven away. A heap of money lay upon the table, which neither of them seemed to remember. The proprietors of the gambling house gathered it, counted it and sent it to Orloff's hotel, where it was delivered to the landlord, who gave a receipt for it and locked it in his safe. Orloff was placed in charge of a nurse, though Sonia also attended him. Just before dawn she retired and sought sleep.

The next day Sonia went in to see the patient and found him stronger, but very gloomy.

"Return to Russia," he said. "Our wedding can never take place. I have lost all I possess."

"Oh, Peter, but you live!"

"Yes, I live. It would be better had I died."

There was a long silence between them. They knew that a marriage under the circumstances could not be. In Russia in the circle of landed gentry among whom they had lived the property settlements before marriage were indispensable.

There came a knock at the door, and the landlord entered.

"Is monsieur," he asked, "sufficiently recovered to attend to a little business?"

"Yes," was Orloff's reply. "You refer to your bill, I suppose. You must give me time."

"Not at all. Last night I receipted for 781,250 francs on monsieur's account. I do not care to keep so large an amount in my safe over another night and would be obliged if monsieur would have it removed to a bank."

"What do you mean?" cried Orloff, staring at the man.

"What does monsieur mean? It is known to all at Monte Carlo that he won six times at 5 to 1, the amount of his winnings being as I have stated."

"Why do you mock me?" cried Orloff, starting up.

"It may be that monsieur became unconscious after placing his stake on the table and is not aware of the remarkable run of luck that followed. Had he won once more his winnings would have been between three and four million francs. The bank was wise not to permit another such bet."

"Great heavens! Is this true?"

"Monsieur may see the funds for himself."

"Surely I will see for myself," said Peter. Springing from his couch and following the landlord downstairs, he stood with him before the hotel safe. The landlord swung open the door, and there in the bottom of the safe was a pile of gold pieces that filled the young man with wonder and delight.

"Take it," said the landlord. "I do not care to be responsible for so much money. A bank is a better place for it."

A fortnight from that time Orloff had removed the incumbrance he had put upon his estate, and there was a wedding at the home of his fiancee made doubly joyful by the escape he had had from ruin. The story of his loss and gain is one of the wonderful episodes of Monte Carlo related there.

Grim Humor Saved His Life.

When a spy was caught and brought before Marshal Bassompiere the marshal addressed him with the formula he always used when sentencing a man to death: "Brother, you or I must certainly be hanged!" Next day as the spy was being dragged to the gallows he adjured his jailers to allow him a last interview with the marshal, as he had something of supreme importance to say to him. The jailers were so impressed by his intense earnestness that they begged the marshal to give him audience.

"Bring the dog in!" cried Bassompiere. "What's your business?" he asked the spy impatiently when he was dragged in. "Only this, my lord. At our last interview you said either you or I must be hanged. Did you really mean that? It's of supreme importance to you or me, because if you won't be hanged I must, that's all." The marshal was so tickled with the man's humor that he ordered his release.—London Mail.

Why the Deaf Are Grateful.

A pleasant contrast to the sad fate of Beethoven is furnished by Dr. Thirlwall, the radical bishop of St. David's, who wrote the history of Greece that held the field before the arrival of Grote. In his old age he became stone deaf, but, so far from fretting, declared that the infirmity was really a blessing, because it relieved him from the futile conversation of bores. One day a friend, forgetting the bishop's deafness, greeted him with the usual remark about the weather. "Eh?" queried the bishop. "It is a fine day," bellowed the friend repeatedly into the prelate's ear. When Thirlwall finally grasped the meaning of the remark he quietly philosophized: "Dear me! How little a man loses by being deaf."—London Chronicle.

Good and Bad Furniture.

The line between good ornament and bad ornament is the line between beauty and ugliness.

The only good furniture is that which is both beautiful and useful.

All furniture that lacks either beauty or usefulness is bad furniture.

Furniture that is well constructed, of good shape and excellent finish is good furniture, no matter how elaborately it may be decorated.

Furniture of bad shape or bad finish is bad furniture, no matter how free from meretricious mounts and carvings.—Country Life in America.

A Dainty Comparison.

Among the clever stories retailed at the Beefsteak club in London is a nice one of the florid lawyer who was counsel in an action for libel brought by a provision merchant against a local newspaper. He said in his address to the jury: "My client, gentlemen, is a cheesemonger, and the reputation of a cheesemonger in the city of London is like the bloom on a peach. Touch it, and it is gone forever."

Merely Obliging.

Magistrate—You gave this young woman such a slit on the face that she can't see out of her eyes. What have you to say for yourself? Accused—Well, she often told me she didn't want to see me any more.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Voice Escaped.

Host (to the tenor who has just fallen downstairs on his head)—For heaven's sake! Are you injured? Tenor (testing his voice)—La, la, la! No, thank you.—Fliegende Blatter.

A Brave Man.

Nicolas, Chevalier d'Assas, a French captain in the Auvergne regiment, born at Vigan, in the Languedoc, while making a reconnoissance during the night of Oct. 15, 1760, at Klostercamp, in Westphalia, met a column of the enemy which was advancing in silence to surprise the French army. He was ordered to keep silent or else they would kill him. D'Assas at once cried out, "A moi Auvergne—the enemy is here!" He was killed on the spot.—Bouillet's Dictionary of History.

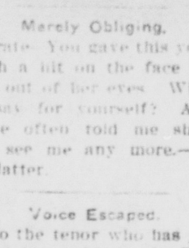
Effect of Moral Suasion.

"Bobby, you must go to church with me this morning."

"Mamma, why don't you say, 'Bobby, wouldn't you like to go to church with me?'"

"Well, Bobby, wouldn't you like to go to church with me this morning?"

"Nope."—Chicago Tribune.



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COOD BACKS FOR BAD

Bellefonte Residents Are Learning How to Exchange the Old Back for a Stronger One.

Does your back ache, feel weak and painful?

Do you suffer headaches, languor and depression?

Is the urine discolored, passages irregular?

The kidneys may be calling for help.

Weak kidneys cannot do their work.

Give them the help they need.

To cure a kidney backache you must cure the kidneys.

Use a tested and proven kidney remedy.

Doan's Kidney Pills have stood the test.

Convincing proof of merit in Bellefonte endorsement.

Mrs. L. Ingram, 382 E. Bishop Street, Bellefonte, says: "I suffered intensely from backache and my kidneys gave me a great deal of annoyance. Nothing helped me until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Green's Pharmacy Co. In return for the improvement they made, I publicly recommended them in October 1907, and at this time I can say that I have had no further trouble from my kidneys. You are welcome to use my name as one who recommends Doan's Kidney Pills highly, from personal experience."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.—Advt.

Companions.

"My wife has such a tender way o throwing loving glances at me. They make a hit with me, I tell you.

"So do the flatirons my wife throws at me."

Expert.

"They tell me Anna is studying Esperanto."

"Studying it! She speaks it like a native!"—Judge.

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P. O. Pleasant Gap, Pa.

For Sale.

For sale at my Eagleville farm, Chester White brood sows, boars, shoats and pigs. Inqure of Samuel Kline on the farm.

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Bellefonte, Pa

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Every man and woman that handles money ought to have an account with a good bank. It means safety for your money and the cultivation of good economical business habits. Let us open an account with you.

The First National Bank,

Bellefonte, - - - Penna.

Don't Forget

That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

WE ARE SELLING AGENT FOR

PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoating and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast. (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.

Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.56
	State College	7.20	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7.27	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	‡ 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.09
	Waddles	8.9	1.10	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.4	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	f 8.8	1.18	f 5.38
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	1.30	f 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	1.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

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TO make your garden a success, you will find an invaluable guide in

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AN encyclopaedia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1000 splendid photo-reproductions, 4 color pages and 6 duotone plates. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds.

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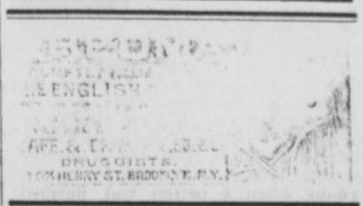
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.



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FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

Professor J. R. Hughes is transacting business in Pittsburgh.

S. C. Decker, of Altoona, was a visitor in town between trains on Monday.

J. Norman Sherer, of Harrisburg, was a business visitor to Bellefonte on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider on Tuesevening returned home from Philadelphia.

Mrs. A. O. Furst on Wednesday gave a thimble party, from three until six o'clock.

Prof. F. Milford Pletcher, of Howard, was a Bellefonte visitor on Tuesday evening.

Miss Bernice Ginter is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. William Hunsicker, in Altoona.

Judge and Mrs. Ellis L. Orvis were arrivals home from Philadelphia on Tuesday evening.

Walter H. Cohen, manager of the Claster store, has been in New York all week purchasing goods for the summer trade.

Mrs. Benjamin Bradley entertained at cards on Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. Bradley's mother, Mrs. Benjamin Bradley, Sr.

Miss Marcella Sprankle, of Altoona, is this week being entertained at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Charles McCoy, on Thomas Street.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings returned to Harrisburg on Wednesday, after being in town for a week as the guest of Mrs. J. L. Spangler.

Misses Mary Cooney and Myra Sechler departed on Thursday of last week for Buffalo and Niagara Falls, returning home on Monday.

Mrs. James I. McClure departed on Saturday for Renovo, where she is visiting with her son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McClure.

Mr. and Mrs. Olie Hoffer, of Philadelphia, visited over Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Mingle. Mr. Hoffer is a brother of Mrs. Mingle.

Mrs. John N. Lane went to Altoona on Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Fay, Mr. Robert Fay's mother, which was held there yesterday.

Edward Gingher, who has a nice position in Pitcairn, is visiting in Bellefonte, having been called home by the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. Arvilla Gingher.

W. L. Malin and daughter, Mrs. Helen Shugert, departed on Sunday for West Chester, where they attended the funeral of the former's mother, the late Mrs. Sarah A. Burns.

M. Ward Fleming, a Bellefonte boy who is forging to the front as a lawyer in Philipsburg, last night delivered the chief address at Lincoln Day services in the Philipsburg A. M. E. church. The Grand Army Post of that place attended in a body.

William P. Humes and A. G. Morris, who are members of the Union League in Philadelphia, were in that city last night for the fiftieth anniversary celebration of that famous organization. President Taft was the honor guest.

The Bellefonte Academy basketball team will play the Bucknell Academy five in the gymnasium on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Last Saturday evening the academy team played the St. Francis team, of Loretto, winning out 92-16.

The auto truck which is to deliver the groceries and other things from the new store of Morris & Sheffer arrived in Bellefonte this week and is being greatly admired. It is neatly and compactly built and will no doubt prove a great aid to the young merchants in making prompt deliveries.

Quite a number of persons are being mentioned as likely candidates for Republican nomination for tax collector to succeed J. Kennedy Johnston. The number includes W. C. Cassidy, E. C. Tuten, S. A. Donachy, W. H. Brown, Robert Montgomery and Paul D. Sheffer. Just how many of those mentioned will become active aspirants is not known.

While most all goods in our line are on a "stand pat" basis yet some items are making considerable advances. But one important article of food has recently been on the decline and we are glad to take the earliest opportunity of making a price on Franklin Fine Granulated Sugar of Five Cents per pound in any quantity desired. Have also made lower schedule of prices on Western, New York, Handpicked, Red Kidney, White Kidney, Marrow and Pea Beans, all finest new crop. Will be glad to have your orders for all goods in our line.

SECHLER & Co.

Tyrone narrowly escaped a disastrous blaze on Monday evening. Prompt arrival of the firemen checked a fire which broke out in the business section of the town. The flames originated in the storage room of Sealfon Brothers sample shoe store, located in the first floor of a three-story brick building owned by J. McClellan Davis, of Bellefonte. The first floor of the building is occupied by Sealfon Bros., White's barber shop and Wilson's grocery store. The second and third floors are occupied by the Tyrone Lodge of Elks. The greatest damage done was that by smoke and water. Several hours after this blaze had been extinguished fire broke out in Rothert's store, a short distance away. The damage was slight.

The finishing touches are being given to the new system of the Bell Telephone Co., recently installed in Bellefonte. The new system is a great convenience over the old. Patrons no longer need turn a crank to call the exchange, the call being placed by merely lifting the receiver from the hook. The greatest advantage, however, is made possible by the modern switchboard at the exchange. Under the old system the exchange operators always had difficulty in determing when a patron had finished talking, and as a result there was more or less delay in following up one call with another. Tiny electric lights now announce to the operator that a patron is calling or has finished talking. As a result both patrons and operators are pleased with the service. We congratulate Manager Mallalieu on having his company install a modern system for Bellefonte. We hope that Manager Smith of the Commercial will soon induce his company to do likewise.

Mr. Deitling and daughter spent Sunday in Lock Haven.

James Uzzle and little son, of Snow Shoe, were Bellefonte visitors yesterday.

Mrs. John McCoy has returned home, after a visit to Philadelphia and Washington.

George T. Bush will leave for New York today to attend the annual Cleveland Cruise dinner.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. B. Calloway left on Sunday for Philadelphia and New York, to be gone one month.

Mrs. John McSuley entertained a number of friends at a thimble party on Friday evening of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mensch entertained with five tables at five hundred on Thursday evening of last week.

Miss Helen Ceader returned home yesterday, after a two weeks' visit to New York, Philadelphia and Elizabeth, N. J.

Mrs. Earle C. Tuten and Miss Winifred Gates yesterday returned from Williamsport, where they consulted Dr. Haskins in regard to their eyes.

Miss Nellie Conley entertained at her home on Logan Street in honor of her house guest, Miss Harbison, who leaves today for her home in Pittsburgh.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Lutheran church will hold a fair in Petriken Hall on February 21 and 22. All kinds of aprons, home made candies, pies and cakes and fancy work for sale.

Miss Mollie Snyder departed on Monday for Washington, D. C., to visit with her sister, Mrs. Edward Cook for a week before going to New York to do her spring millinery shopping.

J. Willard Barnhart, who has been a clerk in the Hazel Bros. grocery for a number of years, has resigned and will be identified with the new store of Morris & Sheffer, which will open for business on probably February 15th.

Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes, pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, has received a call from the Presbyterian church of Bellevue, a suburb of Pittsburgh. He has the matter under consideration. Recently a committee from the Bellevue church visited Bellefonte to hear Dr Hawes preach and on their return home the formal call was extended

The Study Class will meet on Monday evening, February 17, at 8 o'clock. Dr. R. M. Beach will talk on "The Causes Leading up to the Revolutionary War" and he invites questions for discussion on the subject. Come prepared to be instructed and to be entertained. Dr. Beach is a master of his subject and has added much to the interest of the previous meetings.

Dr. S. M. Nissley, the veterinarian, was driving his automobile on Linn Street on Saturday evening when he collided with a buggy occupied by Wm. McGinley, of Milesburg, and two children. Dr. Nissley had just turned his machine into Linn from Allegheny Street when the accident happened. The buggy was pretty badly wrecked, but the occupants escaped without injury. Dr. Nissley sent Mr. McGinley's buggy to the repair shop and gave him his own buggy to use until the other one might be ready for service.

Bellefonte friends of Corn Garman, who until recent years lived here and who later removed to Williamsport, will be interested to know that on Saturday, last, he underwent a most delicate operation for the removal of fibrous goitre tumors from his neck. The operation, while a most tedious one, is believed to have been a success and those at Mr. Garman's bedside are hopeful for his complete recovery. For some time past Mr. Garman had been troubled with a growth in his neck which was slowly but surely strangling him. An operation was decided upon as the one hope for saving his life. The Williamsport physicians held out but little hope that he would withstand an operation, but Mr. Garman was determined to make the effort, at least. He accordingly went to New York last week, accompanied by Mrs. Garman, and on Saturday morning the operation was performed at Mrs. Ashton's private sanitarium, 26 West Sixty-first Street. Mr. Garman was on the operating table from 10 o'clock until 12.25, during which time a local anaesthetic, only, was administered. He was conscious during the entire time of the operation. Two large fibrous goitre tumors with two smaller tumors hanging to them were removed from his neck. He withstood the shock of the operation remarkably well and the latest word from his bedside is that he is resting comfortably. The operation was performed by Dr. Bainbridge, a well known New York specialist.

Company L Inspected.

Major Farrensworth, U. S. 16th Inf. inspector for the Third Brigade of Pennsylvania, was more than delighted with the exhibition that Company L gave him last Friday evening. The occasion was the annual regular army inspection. It was the most thorough inspection the Company ever experienced and every man acquitted himself with credit. Major Farrensworth has devoted his life to military work and is considered an authority an tactics, having written much on the subject. To have a man of his standing and ability appear before a company and say that the manual of arms was as good as he has ever seen in the guard and that as a whole he knew Company L of Bellefonte ranked as one of the five best Companies in the state means a lot for the local Company and also Bellefonte and vicinity, and right here we wish to say that the town should co-operate with Captain William H. Brown and Lieutenants Edward R. Taylor and J. Linn Blackford and the boys instead of making remarks and doing things that keep good, clean young men from enlisting. The fact that this Company has not been ordered to participate in the inauguration at Washington, March 4th, is no reflection on the Company. It was found impossible to send all the Companies, and a few only were selected.

Mrs. Nancy J. Stover, widow of the late Michael Stover, died early last Friday morning at her late home in South Philipsburg. She was aged 70 years.

Mrs. Mary A. Shope Dead.

Following an illness of about one week, Mrs. Mary A. Shope died on Friday, last, at her late home below Milesburg. Funeral services were held on Sunday, February 9th. Mrs. Shope had enjoyed very good health until the Saturday night prior to her passing away, at which time she was taken ill. Her trouble was diagnosed to be gall stones and she lingered until Friday. Deceased was a most estimable woman and her passing away is mourned by many admiring friends. She was born at Yarnell and at the time of her death was aged 71 years, 1 month and 11 days. She was a life-long and active member of the Baptist church. Surviving to mourn the loss of a good mother are three daughters and two sons, as follows: Mrs. Bella Cramer, of Brookville; Mrs. Lillie Wyland, of Williamsport; Mrs. Dora Emerick, of Johnstown; Clayton Shope, of Milesburg, and Fred Shope, of Curtin. One sister and two brothers also survive: Miss Lide Lucas, of Brookville, and Edward and Thomas Lucas, of Storm Lake, Iowa.

Mrs. Charles Blowers Dead.

Mrs. Mary Amanda Blowers, wife of Charles A. Blowers, of Philipsburg, died at Danville on Friday night of last week. She was born at Snow Shoe in 1848, making her age about 75 years. She was the daughter of David and Mary Askey. On September 28th, 1875, at Milesburg, she was united in marriage to Charles A. Blowers, who survives, together with the following daughters, viz: Mrs. John C. Harris, and Mrs. Charles Mahew, of Philipsburg, and Mrs. John Hart, of South Fork. She also leaves two brothers and one sister, Samuel and William Askey, and Mrs. Flave David, the latter of Lock Haven. The body was taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Harris, at Philipsburg, on Saturday, where the funeral services were conducted Monday evening at 9 o'clock, by Rev. F. T. Eastment. Interment was made at Snow Show on Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Sarah A. Burns Dead.

Mrs. Sarah A. Burns, mother of W. L. Malin, of Bellefonte, died on Saturday, last, at her late home near West Chester, aged a little over 87 years. Deceased was born at Crozier's Mills, Delaware County, November 20, 1825, and spent virtually all her life within a few miles of the place of her birth. Despite her advanced years she enjoyed remarkable health until a month or two prior to her death. She was the last surviving member of a family of nine children, each of the group living to be more than 80 years of age. Surviving to mourn her passing away are these children: Samuel O. Malin, of Baltimore; W. L. Malin, of Bellefonte, and George Burns, of Baltimore.

John Walker Dead.

John Walker, a Civil war veteran and an aged and highly esteemed resident of Centre County, died on Wednesday of last week at his late home beyond Milesburg. At the time of his death Mr. Walker was more than 80 years of age. His death was due to a general breaking down of the system. He had been in declining health for some time and his passing away was not unexpected. During the Civil war he served with distinction and bravery. By those who were privileged to know him intimately he was liked and admired and his death is deeply mourned. Funeral service were held on Friday.

Emanuel Esterline Dead.

Emanuel Esterline, one of Loganton's best known and most highly respected residents, died on Sunday afternoon, aged 72 years. His death was due to a complication of diseases. He was for many years actively engaged in farming, continuing to till the soil until confined to his home by illness. Funeral services were held in the Lutheran church on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. Surviving the deceased are a widow and three daughters, Mrs. D. M. Price, of Loganton; Mrs. J. S. Guisewite, of Rebersburg, and Mrs. G. M. Bierly, of Jersey Shore.

Death of Child.

Mildred E. Wolf, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher wolf, of Coleville, died on Monday morning at 2 o'clock. The family had been in Lock Haven on Sunday, returning home on the afternoon train. The child was taken ill shortly afterward and passed away after but a few hours' illness. Its death was due to pneumonia. Funerel services were held on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, interment being made in the Union cemetery.

Mrs. Jeremiah Way Dead.

Mrs. Jeremiah Way, one of Half Moon valley's best known and most highly esteemed residents, died on Saturday at her home near Stormstown, aged about 80 years. Besides her husband she is survived by three sons and one daughter, John, Alvin and Thomas Way and Mrs. John Thomas, all of Half Moon valley. She was a sister of Mrs. Sue Rumberger, of Philipsburg. The funeral was held Monday morning.

Wanted.

Boys and girls to pack Non-Poisonous matches. Good wages and steady work. Apply at factory at once in person.—The Pennsylvania Match Co. 1-30-2t.

A FURTHER REDUCTION ON

MEN'S OVERCOATS

Clearance prices now out for quick, absolute and final disposal of every winter overcoat in our stores.

Coats of every style and description, decisive cuts ranging from 1-3 to 1-2 to clear them out--

We prefer suffering our loss now, rather than to carry them over--Our last cut on them--It will pay you to buy for next year.

See Window Display.

Sim The Clothier

ALLEGHENY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

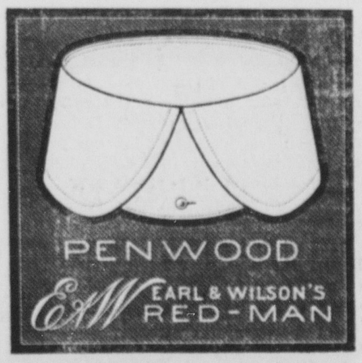
Montgomery's

Big Once A Year Overcoat Event

Just nine days left of our extraordinary sale of Winter Overcoats. After next Saturday, February 15, you may look in vain for the overcoat you have in mind to get, that's here now as such a bargain. For that's our way. No continuous performance, largely because the coats don't linger long enough to play a part.

$40	Coats	Now	$28.00
$30	"	"	$22.00
$25	"	"	$18.00
$22	"	"	$16.00
$20	"	"	$15.00
$18	"	"	$13.00
$15	"	"	$11.00
$12	"	"	$ 8.50

Just like buying government bonds below par. Don't miss it.



Montgomery & Co.

Correct Attire For Man & Boy Bellefonte, Pa.